NATIONAL REVIEW

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December 5, 1959

A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

The Controversial "Work Rules"

FRANK CHODOROV

Please Note Our Highmindedness

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

Open Letter for Eisenhower

FORREST DAVIS

Articles and Reviews by ·····NOEL E. PARMENTEL JR.

J. ZIFERMAN · JOHN CHAMBERLAIN · FRANCIS RUSSELL

JOAN DIDION · WM. HENRY CHAMBERLIN · RUSSELL KIRK

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NATIONAL REVIEW

A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

EDITOR: Wm. F. Buckley Jr.

PUBLISHER: William A. Rusher

EDITORS

L. Brent Bozell — James Burnham
John Chamberlain — Willmoore Kendall
Frank S. Meyer

MANAGING EDITOR: Priscilla L. Buckley
PRODUCTION EDITOR: Mabel Wood
ASSISTANT PUBLISHER: J. P. McFadden
WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT: Sam M. Jones

ASSOCIATES

Frank Chodorov, Jonathan Mitchell, Morrie Ryskind
EDITORIAL ASSISTANT: John Leonard

CONTRIBUTORS

C. D. Batchelor, John C. Caldwell, John Abbot Clark, Peter Crumpet, Forrest Davis, A. Derso, Medford Evans, Finis Farr, J. D. Futch, Aloise B. Heath, Karl Hess, Hugh Kenner, John D. Kreuttner, Suzanne La Follette, J. B. Matthews, Gerhart Niemeyer, Revilo Oliver, Maureen B. O'Reilly, E. Merrill Root, Richard M. Weaver, Frederick D. Wilhelmsen, Garry Wills

FOREIGN CONTRIBUTORS

London: Anthony Lejeune
Munich: E. v. Kuehnelt-Leddihn

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For the Record

In the wind: Rockefeller strategy, keep in close touch with Liberal Republicans running for office in 1960 but okay their posturing as pro-Nixon until after state primaries. Purpose of maneuver: let the individual candidates get regular, pro-Nixon party support in primaries, and only then defect in waves to Rockefeller, touching off Rocky stampede. . . . Rockefeller reported "absolutely exhausted" by politicking of last month and so is vacationing in Venezuela. . . . Under advisement in Nixon camp: suggestions that Nixon designate his Cabinet preferences in advance. Specifically, he is being urged to announce that, if elected, J. Edgar Hoover would be his choice for Attorney General.

Hammarskjold and Nehru pressuring Laos to withdraw its complaint against North Vietnam. . . . Red China, in move to keep bad news about China's internal affairs from reaching rest of world, has banned export of all newspapers except official Peiping Peoples' Daily. . . . British government quickly cold-shouldered proposal by Labor that Chinese Premier Chou En-lai be invited to England. . . . Britain on brink of renewing diplomatic relations with United Arab Republic, after three years. . . . Ivory Coast President Felix Houphouet-Boigny warns that African Communists are using Guinea as base for penetration of other African areas.

Congressional records show Lyndon Johnson voted with South 22 times in last session, against South 37 times. . . . Intra-union power struggle in United Auto Workers has culminated in forced six-month leave for Richard Gosser, one of four UAW vice presidents; he'd been scrapping with Reuther for months. . . . For every hundred degrees awarded in physical education last year by American institutions of higher learning, 60 were awarded in chemistry, 25 in physics.

As If Things Weren't Bad Enough Dept.: The Saturday Review is sponsoring a new magazine, Friday Review, of "adventures in ideas" geared for high school students. . . . Right election, wrong emphasis: the big issue in recent Philippines election was corruption, not anti-Americanism, as reported here last issue . . . Just out, America's Future pamphlet, "How the Reds Won, the Lesson Behind American-Soviet Parleys," by Rosalie Gordon ($.25, 542 Main Street, New Rochelle, N.Y.).

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The WEEK

● Unless someone rules to the contrary between now and January 7, it appears that our old friend, the Reverend Adam Clayton Powell Jr., will have to stand trial for alleged tax evasion, just as though he were, well, just anybody. It is recorded in the *New York Herald Tribune* (Nov. 18, 1959) that in pleading before a judge to set once and for all a firm trial date, the voice of the assistant U.S. attorney actually broke, as he reviewed the legal undulations over the past year and one half by which Mr. Powell has successfully kept out of court—ending with this fall's plea that he be given time to have a hernia operation, which he never got around to having. The judge, visibly moved, responded by setting trial for Jan. 7 and warning Mr. Edward Bennett Williams, ace lawyer for criminals—to whom Mr. Powell instinctively turned when the Administration's attempted fix of the grand jury investigating his affairs failed—that this time the court really means it, and if Mr. Powell has to go and have a hernia operation, he can damn well have it before the 7th of January, or sometime thereafter. Mr. Williams said meekly he will go along: and so it looks as though the Reverend Powell, angel of the Lord, scourge of the white community, heroic prosecutor of anti-Communists, will step forward into the arena and face, with that great faith of his, the lions of his tormentors. If we were the judge, we'd keep those lions under lock and key the next few weeks.

● New Jersey Republican Senator Clifford Case 1) has an 80 per cent average in voting *for* increased government spending, *against* proposed economies (exceeded only by Jacob Javits' 96 per cent); 2) on sixteen key roll calls, watched attentively by the AFL-CIO's Committee on Political Education, voted COPE's way twelve out of sixteen times; 3) voted against every proposed amendment to strengthen John Kennedy's anemic labor bill, against Everett Dirksen as Senator Republican leader, against the loyalty oath requirement in the National Defense Education Act; 4) voted for reducing the oil depletion allowance, for curbing Senate debate time, for increasing aid to Communist Poland and Yugoslavia and reducing Eisenhower's anti-Communist "Cold War Contingency Fund." This is apparently why the *New York Times* rushed into an endorsement of Case's re-election, months before the New Jersey primary, a year before the election, and only one day after conservative Republican Robert Morris declared his intention, come spring, to oppose Case for his party's nomination.

● As the House Ways and Means Committee, chaired by Representative Mills (D.) of Arkansas, conducts its hearings on proposals to revise the tax laws, we may expect to hear more and more vocalism about "loopholes," the connotation being that only an extremely shady fellow would avail himself of such "unfair" avenues to "tax avoidance." To their credit, however, several of the first expert witnesses called by the committee have warned against the semantics of those who speak of "tax avoiders" and "loophole grabbers" as if they were common criminals. As Roswell Magill, President of the Tax Foundation, put it, most of the special exemptions and deductions that go by the name of "loophole" were "adopted only after serious consideration . . . their elimination certainly would not promote economic growth and probably would stop it." The tax structure, so other witnesses suggested, has become latticed with protective provisions for all sorts and categories of people for the very good reason that it would otherwise be quite unworkable. If "loopholes" are to be closed, taxes in their estimation will have to be lowered across the board to enable the American economy to do the business on which tax collections depend in the first place.

● After two years of study, at an unnamed cost, the Department of Water, Gas and Electricity reported that fluoridation was feasible in New York City. The Department estimated the costs as half a million dollars to install the machinery in Manhattan and the boroughs and an additional million a year to run it. Peanuts, in comparison with other items on New York's swollen budget. But what everyone persists in overlooking is that less than ten per cent of the population of the city will be helped by fluoridated water and that the benefits of fluoridation—which are debatable—may be had without forcing every man, woman and child in a given area to drink fluoridated water. Now why doesn't someone, somewhere spend half as much time and money as the fluoridators do on an investigation of alternative methods?

● William Rentschler, seeking the Republican nomination for the Senate seat now filled by Senator Paul Douglas, recently outlined, in personal terms, a sound conservative philosophy before the Chicago Press Club. "I believe," he said, "that conservatism is an energetic and mighty concept which enables people to live better and to realize their highest potentials and aspirations. . . . I believe that a nation which follows unflinchingly the path of freedom and free enterprise can be warm, compassionate and understanding, and, without resorting to socialistic quackery, extend a hand to those who are unable to help themselves . . . I certainly do not believe that

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compassion is a quality of socialism, nor do I believe that kindness calls for the welfare state." Encouraged by these sentiments, we, in turn, encourage Mr. Rentschler to apply his principles truly on the specific issues he will be confronting in the days ahead.

● "Five prominent Americans" (*New York Herald Tribune*) have wired to President Eisenhower instructing him how to behave upon landing in Madrid, namely, that he should visibly hate every moment of his visit, and look as though he did. The five prominentarians include Norman Thomas and Bishop Pike, who are indeed prominently associated with the national decline; and then three men (O.A. Knight of the AFL-CIO's Latin American Affairs Committee; Professors Arthur Whittaker of the University of Pennsylvania, and William Ebenstein of Princeton) who are not yet renowned for the mischief they seek to do. The gentlemen in question, who were not heard from when other prominent Americans were urging Mr. Eisenhower to inform Khrushchev how we seek the liberation of his subject peoples, want Eisenhower to denounce the only regime in Europe that has steadfastly taken the anti-Communist and pro-Western position. They feel strongly about it.

● Now that the United Nations, tenaciously and eloquently prodded by Henry Cabot Lodge, AWOL from Camp David, has decided to debate the continuing terror and Soviet intervention in prostrate Hungary, we suggest they get hold of a copy of *Hungary Under Soviet Rule, III*. The document surveys the record of developments in Hungary from the Revolution until August 1959—and includes a special appendix on Tibet. It has been prepared by the American Friends of the Captive Nations, and is available from them at 510 Madison Ave., New York 22, for $1.00. Good, sobering reading for United Nations delegates—or anybody else.

● The State Department's confirmation of a *New York Times* report on the defection of a Polish Intelligence chief to the West provides new insight into recent maneuvers within the Gomulka government. Colonel Monat, director of Poland's military attachés, took his family to Vienna, turned himself over to U.S. authorities, and is living in the United States awaiting word on his petition for asylum. His defection may prove one of the most important in years. So far the Polish government has been silent, and the silence may be ominous for the Polish people. Monat's defection coincided with the escape of two other Polish officials—one in Tokyo, the other in Paris. Gomulka realizes that the cases are symptomatic of the decay of Communist Party discipline. He is bringing back into power the pro-Moscow Stalinist Party thugs exiled or unemployed since the 1956 "bloodless revolution." It was the dismissal of these Stalinists that gave Gomulka his Titoist reputation in the West, and won him the dollars of the U.S. Treasury and the applause of Walter Lippmann.

● In astronomical circles, the *dernier cri* is, comet, comet, who's got the comet? Because a comet is definitely missing. Spotted last August by G. E. D. Alcock, an Englishman who spends his nights scanning the heavens for stray comets, it was last seen on September 7 going thataway behind the sun. Astronomers, who had plotted the course of Alcock's comet—it is described as a "good healthy specimen, with a well-developed head and a fat tail you could really see"—pointed their telescopes confidently to the celestial quadrant where 1959F (as they unimaginatively called it) was to reappear on October 7. To no avail. No 1959F, not then or any subsequent night. These things just don't happen in astronomy. Come to think of it, it was just about that time that Lunik III, as the expression goes, got lost. Collision?

Tests, Arms and Budgets

1. Herter

In the struggle of the Herter-Bohlen faction for total ascendancy within the Administration, the current battle over the nuclear test ban and disarmament negotiations may prove decisive for a long time to come. During the past fortnight, our UN delegation, under Secretary Herter's orders, has shamed itself and the country by its actions on a series of hypocritical resolutions on disarmament and nuclear weapons.

We surrendered to the Soviet demand for a new ten-nation "parity committee" on disarmament—*i.e.*, a committee with five Soviet stooges, and another five members divided between the Western alliance and anti-Western neutralists: a committee, thus, that by sheer mathematics could *not* produce a result favorable to the West.

We joined with the Soviet delegation in recommending to this stacked committee the Khrushchev "total disarmament" fantasy as a guide for its work. We lined up with the world sages from Ghana, Guinea, Yemen, Cambodia in votes calling on the Geneva negotiators to speed up the test ban treaty, and appealing to all powers to stop all nuclear weapon experimentation. We shrank spinelessly away from a real fight against the resolution calling on our ally, France, to halt her forthcoming Sahara test—a resolution accurately described by the French spokesmen as "scientifically incorrect," "politically odious" and "deliberately offensive."

Mr. Herter, who has meanwhile discovered a

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"common language" with the Communists on "certain fundamentals," would deserve *Pravda's* testimonial—that he is "much closer to the understanding of peaceful coexistence than his predecessors."

2. McCone

But new voices, following up the Truman-Rockefeller initiative, managed to make themselves heard. Chairman John A. McCone of the Atomic Energy Commission ("speaking for myself and not the Administration") used cautious phrasing to convey an ominous message via *Meet the Press:* any extension of the test ban beyond December 31 should be on a week-by-week basis only; the United States does not possess monitoring devices able to detect secret, low-yield underground tests; the test ban has blocked development of our small nuclear weapons—which, he did not need to add, are our only reply to Communist superiority in massed manpower and conventional equipment.

3. Jackson

Henry M. Jackson, as a Senator (and a Democrat), did not need to use an appointive official's delicacy in his wording. He bluntly described the President's defense policies as "nonsensical. . . . We're in conflict, and whoever heard of measuring our efforts in terms of what the Treasury announces?" The military budget should immediately be increased by $4 to $5 billion; and "we should pay the additional taxes if it's required." (Being both a Democrat and a Liberal on domestic affairs, Senator Jackson did not add that his $4 or $5 billion could easily be squeezed out of budgetary fat in subsidies, pork-barrel projects and other handouts, without any tax increases.) He urged that we should resume at once both underground and above-atmosphere testing. On nuclear problems, Senator Jackson speaks from adequate knowledge. He is not only a member of the Senate Armed Services Committee but, as chairman of the weapons subcommittee of the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy, he is one of the few persons in the world, outside those directly operative, who have access to the AEC's innermost secrets.

4. Morgenstern

A devastating book, just published, adds a full scientific dimension to the growing uneasiness, among informed and thoughtful citizens, at the Administration's plunge into submissive pacifism. In *The Question of National Defense* (which NATIONAL REVIEW will review in an early issue), Professor Oskar Morgenstern—co-author with the late John von Neumann of the profoundly influential *Mathematical Theory of Games and Economic Behavior*—has proved that we do not possess a defense system able to assure our survival, and that we cannot get one within the limits of our present military budget and strategic thinking. However disputable are some of his brilliantly argued positive proposals, his cold, objective proofs of our deficiencies are irrefutable.

Mr. Morgenstern's text was finished before the Spirit of Camp David came to dwell among us. Time has given a twist to one of his passing jocularities: "It may . . . soon be possible to introduce secretly into a country chemical agents that would not destroy life but would temporarily destroy the will power of the population, and in particular of the leaders of the country. This is neither impossible to imagine nor difficult to execute in the near future.

"Perhaps it is already being done at present."

Kamikaze

Fidel Castro's Revolution was back in the headlines last week, as ever a blend of arrogance, radicalism, naiveté and paranoia. There was a new note, however: the first indication that the Cuban people may not be quite so willing as before to follow Castro into the nightmare of his delusions.

The Cuban State continued to run rampant:

1) Castro began the week by seizing the Hotel Havana Riviera—which had borrowed money from a government bank. Disregarding the terms of the loan, the government announced it would operate the hotel until its owners pay the debt—which the owners cannot by definition pay so long as the hotel is taken from them. They are, in effect, in a debtors' prison.

2) He ordained a new law paving the way for expropriation of privately-owned oil refineries. The law halted all large-scale oil explorations by private companies; stipulated a 60 per cent royalty for the government on all oil production; established a bureaucracy to fix oil prices, handle oil distribution, conduct all exploration and undertake the total nationalization of the oil industry.

3) The Cuban telephone company, owned outright by the American International Telephone and Telegraph Company, released a report which gave gruesome evidence of the nature of business life under Castro. In March the Government had seized the company by force, deported a number of its American officials, and exhausted the company's cash reserves. The Government has yet to replenish cash reserves, to pay due dividends to the company's stockholders, or to pay compensation to the company's owners. It has reduced telephone rates to the 1909 Cuban level; borrowed over $25 million (in the company's name) from the Cuban treasury to pay for its munificence; banned all board of directors meetings; diverted and opened all mail—personal as well as business—to the American vice president in charge

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of operations; tripled the number of employees per thousand telephones.

And 4), never too busy to worry about the spiritual side of life, Fidel Castro officially outlawed Santa Claus. (In Cuba, Santa Claus' beard is black.)

Then came last week's amazing and confusing labor union elections. The morass of words, the charges and countercharges, make it unclear just who had won and lost after the tumult died down. Apparently, the orthodox Communists were squeezed out. But Cuba's U.S.-baiters led the confederation out of the Inter-American Regional Organization of Workers, a close associate of our AFL-CIO, and loudly sounded the tocsin, summoning Latin American labor to revolt against "imperialism."

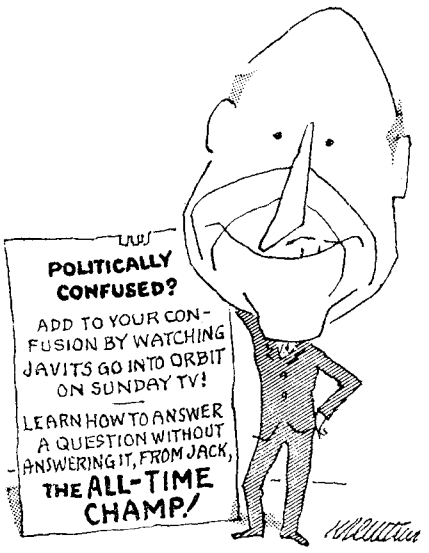
But it was on the floor of the labor congress, strewn with victims, that the first sign came that Castro's charisma was wearing thin. Angry about this and that, Castro harangued the delegates for the usual two or three hours, *and was greeted with silence.* Not the shouting, not the intimidations, not the calls to glory availed. Castro has slipped; and as the Western world, with trepidation, awaits the next act in the tragi-comedy, there is reason to hope that the end is not too far away.

Nixon Next Thursday

At the forthcoming NATIONAL REVIEW Forum (December 3, at 8:30 p.m. in New York's Hunter College Playhouse), we shall publicly explore a question much in the minds of American conservatives, which they will be called upon to answer for themselves, one way or another, in the months to come. The question is whether Mr. Richard Nixon deserves their support in his forthcoming campaign. The preponderant answer to that question by American conservatives is Yes, so frightened are we by the specter of Nelson Rockefeller, *et al.* But there are complications, deep complications, that range from Mr. Nixon's recent statements on such weighty matters as the invitation of Khrushchev to this country, to preemption by the federal government of states rights, and the suspension of nuclear tests.

NATIONAL REVIEW has not taken a corporate position on the Nixon question—and may never do so, for we may decide to relay responsible conservative arguments, and let the reader make his own choice. But we are certainly not going to act as though the problem did not exist. To that end such programs as that of the forthcoming Forum. The procedure there will be a bit unusual. Mr. Ralph de Toledano, an eminent conservative, and a biographer and friend of Mr. Nixon, will take the position that conservatives should back Nixon's candidacy down the line. Mr. Frank Meyer, well-known to our readers as the magazine's brooding metaphysical omnipresence, will give the reasons, with his characteristic thoughtfulness, why he thinks we should pass Mr. Nixon by. The two speakers will each then submit to a cross-examination. To do that job we have the services of Mr. Bozell and Mr. Buckley. At the beginning of the program, they will draw straws (without the aid of the Manufacturers Trust Company) to determine which one of the principals is to be assigned to them for cross-examination: a procedure intended to symbolize their common belief that there are arguments on both sides, as to the relative merits of which they are so far publicly uncommitted.

On top of everything else, it should be a good show. We encourage conservatives throughout the country to consider similar programs on the same issue.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Truth and *Consequences*

There is famine in China. We do not know if it is Mao's way of solving his overpopulation problem, or merely the failure of the communes. We do not know how many will die, only that their number may reach millions.

Official Communist Chinese sources denied the famine for so long as they could hope to deceive Asia and the West. Joseph Alsop, reporting from Hong Kong, recounts the horrors told by escapees. He reports the failure of the backyard furnaces to produce steel; of the communes to industrialize; of an absurd plowing technique that burrowed beneath the water-retaining crust of good rice fields.

Once again we are exposed to a reality far removed from the triumphs of Chinese pressagentry,

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from overfulfilled five-year plans, super-growth charts and saber-rattling. Yet with each new prediction, each new trumpet of success, each new "great leap forward," the West gapes in believing awe. Some lessons take a lot of learning.

Oyez

Mr. George Meany's speech at the United Nations on November 5 deserved much more attention than it got (two inches in the *New York Times, ergo,* virtually nothing elsewhere). It was not a speech without dismaying defects—of the kind that flow from men trained to believe that universal prosperity derives from the power of labor unions to exact inflationary increases in labor's wages. But Mr. Meany is truly aware, as not every businessman is by a long shot, of the meaning of Communism to begin with and, derivatively, the meaning of Soviet economic warfare.

"We face a human problem," said Mr. Meany, before a bored press. "Economic and social progress, no matter how important, cannot be divorced from the progress of freedom and justice, especially in our increasingly interdependent world. It would be a hollow victory if, indeed, it could be regarded as a victory at all, were economic gains to go hand in hand with political despotism and economic slavery. . . .

"Only free individuals and free nations, joined together, can attain fully the objectives toward which the United Nations [ostensibly—Ed.] strives. We cannot and should not overlook the fact that totalitarian states—in offering economic aid to underdeveloped nations—have no purpose in mind except the ultimate enslavement of others. Their proffers of aid are clearly concentrated on countries where the opportunities for the subversion of governments are greatest. Their financial support of important United Nations activities to promote the economic development of the less prosperous areas of the world is woefully inadequate. Their tenders of even such nominal assistance always have strings attached."

Mr. Meany fingers the Communist hypocrisy, and talks about it within the United Nations, where so very many Communists are within earshot; and for that, we salute him.

Bound Volumes

Bound volumes are now available of Volume VI of NATIONAL REVIEW, covering the period from June 21, 1958 through April 11, 1959 (and including *both* NATIONAL REVIEW *Magazine* and *Bulletin*). These handsomely-bound and indexed books cost $20.00 for a single volume, $15.00 for each additional volume. Since the supply is limited, orders will be filled immediately on a first come, first served basis. Please send your request as soon as possible to Dept. K., NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th St., New York 16, New York. ALSO AVAILABLE: a few copies each of the first five volumes of NATIONAL REVIEW *Magazine*. If you missed any of these volumes, this will be your last opportunity to obtain them. Prices are the same as above. Complete sets of bound volumes (Vols. I through VI) are available, while they last, at the special price of $90.00.

R.I.P.

Dr. Sara Jordan was among the world's remarkable women. The range of her talent appears to have been as inexhaustible as her patience and sweet temperedness. In her twenties she went to Germany to study philosophy, and got her Ph.D. She returned to the States, and at the age of 32 decided to act on her childhood ambition—to be a doctor. She became one of the world's most famous, specializing in gastroenterology, and in the course of time faced and met such challenges as Westbrook Pegler's ulcer. She was interested not only in everything, but in government; specifically, in limiting government, which once she described as a cancer more terrible than any she had ever seen inside a man's body; more to be feared, as far as she was concerned, even than the cancer she spotted months ago, which killed her last week. Her diagnoses were remarkably accurate.

Erratum: The last issue of NATIONAL REVIEW listed Noel Parmentel Jr. (who writes "Chix," etc. for this issue) as having been born in New York City. In fact, he was born in Algiers, Louisiana.

Our Contributors: J. ZIFERMAN ("Those Russian Language Textbooks") is the *nom de plume* of a Russian language teacher who, for obvious reasons, thought it best to write this article anonymously. JOAN DIDION ("Black and White, Read All Over") is promotion copy chief at *Vogue*. Articles by Miss Didion have appeared in *Mademoiselle* and *Gentlemen's Quarterly*. MAX JACOB REDIVIVUS ("Taylor-Made") is the name under which a Roman Catholic priest writes acid political verse between missionary trips in northern Canada.

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Amen

"By 'peace' the Communist means subversion to his program. By 'friendship' he means the acceptance on the part of others of his formula for coexistence . . . [Statesmen] must be firm in upholding principle and justice, knowing that appeasement in such matters leads only to the peace of the conquered.

"It is a delusion to place hope in seeking real understanding when the true problem is a conflict of essential principles, not lack of understanding . . . We must never forget that their system and ours are as basically different as slavery and freedom. To palliate the difference is to subvert the cause of freedom and peace . . .

"We have aimed our efforts at satisfying the body, and, paradoxically, have allowed the Communists to capture the minds of men . . . [Ultimately the Communist threat] will be met only when we exemplify the principles that we proclaim as Christian members of a nation dedicated to God's law . . . To accomplish this we must be totally dedicated to our beliefs in God, the source of freedom and peace. We must be ready to give our country's principles the same unlimited measure of devotion that led to the birth of our nation. Mankind will follow only those who give it a higher cause and the leadership of their dedication. It is up to us [Americans] to give that leadership to mankind in the cause of God's freedom and peace."

From the Annual Report of the
Catholic Bishops of the United States

Please Note Our Highmindedness

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

Last week Whitney Griswold and Nathan Pusey, having synchronized their watches and started their countdown over the telephone the previous day (". . . *it was learned that the two presidents had talked the matter over by telephone yesterday,*" said the AP dispatch) exploded their highmindedness across the nation's headlines by refusing, in behalf of Yale and Harvard students, further participation in the scholarship program of the National Defense Act of 1958. Henceforward, said Mr. Griswold and Mr. Pusey in separate but equal statements, Yale and Harvard will not accept federal money for student loans so long as the law requires that students applying for such loans depose that they are not members of any organization which seeks to alter our form of government by force or violence.

As an act of principle, the gesture was off cue. Yale and Harvard have already received several hundred thousand dollars under the Act and, like Charles Van Doren, do not propose to give it back. Mr. Griswold made an effort (unsuccessful, as far as the *Yale Daily News* was concerned) to deflect criticism of his belatedness by explaining carefully to Mr. Arthur Flemming, Secretary of the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, to whom he publicly addressed Yale's resignation, that a whole year had gone by since Yale had publicly stated its objections to the loyalty oath and intimated the terms under which it would continue to receive federal money—*a whole year,* and nothing was done by Congress to remove the offensive oath. Clearly Mr. Griswold's patience had come to an end. Neither he nor Mr. Pusey had withdrawn in August of 1959, when the Senate of the United States explicitly declined, by a vote of 49 to 42, to amend the Act to remove the loyalty oath. They waited until November, *i.e.,* until after student registration, when most of the loans are formally contracted. A little like telling the boss on the 26th of December, having banked your Christmas bonus, that you are quitting because you found out what an intolerable swine he was in October. Other colleges and universities, *e.g.,* Oberlin, Haverford, Princeton, Swarthmore, stuck by their principles from the beginning, refusing, from the beginning, to participate in the program.

Now I happen to agree with the *New York Times* (the *Times* was *delighted* by the action of Griswold and Pusey; the *New York Post* was so happy it practically couldn't bear it)—that loyalty oaths of this general kind tend to be of little practical use in protecting the state against subversion. Subversives tend not to hesitate to swear falsely. Unlike the *Times,* however, the bill's sponsor, Senator Karl Mundt, took thought to remark, in the course of defending his bill, that subversives can sometimes be got on perjury raps (*e.g.,* Carl Aldo Marzani), just as killers sometimes get hooked for income tax evasion (*e.g.,* Al Capone).

Still, let us suppose for the sake of argument, that the Act's loyalty provision will not, in the end, dredge us up a single subversive: is it for that reason useless? Suppose it *is* merely a ritual. Do the Presidents

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of Yale and Harvard propose to take a purely instrumental approach to ritualisms? Mr. Griswold is committed to parading about the New Haven Green at least once a year with, would you believe it, a great big gold chain about his neck, whence droops a monstrous pendant; wearing a multicolored cloak of velvet and silk, fighting, constantly fighting, to keep a gold tassel from tickling his nose. I myself have enjoyed the spectacle, and did not for a moment permit myself to judge it by its utility.

Ah, it will be said, but that is a *good* ritual, and the loyalty oath is a *bad* ritual: Griswold's outrageous attire is justified because it is rooted in ancient and venerable educational traditions—he sports the symbols of learning. Well, isn't the loyalty oath, and its complement, the negative affirmation—what Mr. Pusey termed "an affidavit of disbelief"—a symbol? A symbol these days of devotion to one's country at a moment of its darkest peril? Is academic dress more ancient than the Venetian doges' admirably conceived catalogue of renunciations, which was their oath of office? Or, before that, the historically important abjurations of St. Cyprian? When the President of Yale bows his head in prayer while the chaplain invokes the blessings of the Lord upon its halls, how does this symbolic gesture (it is purely symbolic to a great many compliant members of the audience) strike the professors who teach in their classes that Christianity's ritualisms, unbuttoned, are merely the totemic relapses of our own tribe, from whose baneful influence education would deliver us? Mr. Griswold speaks of the loyalty oath as "contrary to the classic principles of our colleges and universities." Well, I can think of a lot of things that run contrary to the classic principles of our colleges and universities, such as rampant atheism, and the failure to formulate the transcendent purpose of educational experience in meaningful terms. The less said about classic principles the better, I should have thought. What Mr. Griswold means by "classic" is those principles of education he believes in, whether new or old (it is surprising how speedily a neologism can become "classic." The notion that recourse to the Fifth Amendment is no indication of guilt, for instance, became "classical" in a matter of months.)

What *did* Messrs. Griswold and Pusey intend to do—other than to serve their displeasure upon Congress? There are many among us (they include Mr. Griswold's predecessor) who have for years contended that federal aid to education *must* bring a measure of federal control. Indeed, it is proper that it should, since federal money should only be dispensed with reference to prevailing social and political premises. There are features of the Defense Act other than the loyalty oath which tacitly impose controls upon Yale and Harvard. But about them we have heard no objection to date. For instance, the Act requires that recipient colleges measure up to stated educational standards—stated, needless to say, by the government. Yale and Harvard don't happen to disagree with the standards, so they don't bother to object to the government's exercise of what, one would like to think, is an authority alien to government. Suppose they *did* disagree? Would they tell the government to go to hell? Will they be able to afford to do so, in the years ahead? The question, at this stage, is not whether educational standards at Yale and Harvard are satisfactory, or whether there are subversive students there, but whether the government in days to come is to decide whether its ideas on education, on subversives—on ethics, on morals—should obtain in free universities. It is only a matter of time (yes, this is a prediction) before the Act will specify that money shall not go to any college that discriminates on account of race, color, or creed; and then federal investigators will be poking about at Harvard asking to see the records of the Admissions Office. Over Pusey's dead body? Before long, Americans United for the Separation of Church and State and the Prevention of Religion will bring action against the government for sending money to any institution that operates a divinity school or sings *Onward Christian Soldiers* at commencement.

A classic principle of our private colleges and universities—if we must talk about classic principles—is that they should pay their own way, and remain free of entanglement with the government. Their desperate need for money, the result of inflationary and egalitarian influences on our political economy of which, ironically, our colleges have been the principal agents, has recently caused them to walk softly around that classic principle. So that now, left with fewer glistening principles with which to festoon themselves, they seize on the battered corpse of the devil-loyalty oath around which to stage a passion play at which conscience weeps, and all Liberalism bursts with pride. Never mind the students who are meanwhile deprived of the cheap federal money other students have access to. Granted, the money should not have been made available in the first place. Still, given the fact it is there, couldn't Mr. Griswold and Mr. Pusey have said: "It is up to the individual student whether to sign the goddam oath or not. His relationship here is directly with the government. We are merely a clerical intermediary who will administer the oath as a notary public might. Let those students who deem the oath an indignity refuse to sign it, and those who do not, get on with it." Ah, but what bad theater that would have been, by contrast. And anyway, Yale and Harvard must look ahead. Congress must be taught a lesson. It must be taught to give without condition; without thought. It must be taught to behave like alumni.

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NATIONAL TRENDS

L. BRENT BOZELL

Mr. Acheson's Analysis

There was a time when Dean Acheson was the bane of hard anti-Communists. Today—though the fact is witness less to a change in him than to a change in the world around us—he is worth listening to. As when he spoke, last week, to the "legislators" of NATO:

Mr. Acheson began by inviting his listeners to take the vantage point of a "future historian" and to notice two major trends that occurred in international politics during the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. One was "the steady march eastward in Europe of the center of power"—from the France of the two Napoleons, to Germany, and finally to the Soviet Union. The other was the emergence of America as a necessary ingredient of a counterbalance to European land power. Thus, "hardly had World War II ended when the U.S. was called upon for a third time . . . to try to establish with western Europe an equilibrium of power. . . ."

Moving on to 1959, the historian would see that two measures had been required of the West to preserve that latest power balance. One was to "recreate and maintain a nuclear parallel. . . ." This was "the first . . . an absolute necessity." The other was to maintain "a defense force in Europe" that would require the Soviet Union, should it want to expand its power, "to raise violence to such a level that it [would] have to consider a nuclear strike—which, by hypothesis [the West has equal nuclear strength], it would not want to do. This force [would give] reality to the nuclear deterrent, and without this force the nuclear deterrent [would not be] a deterrent at all."

And the historian would see that neither of these measures had been taken, and "would conclude that this double neglect had resulted in a shift of power in favor of the Soviet Union. . . ." Moreover, he would observe—and now Acheson ruefully concedes that it is probably a "Soviet citizen" who is writing this history—the historian would observe that the West deteriorated not for lack of capacity, or failure to understand what was required of it ("it isn't possible, really, *not* to understand"); but because "the will [did] not exist."

Facade of Consent

Acheson then turned back to the present, and to an analysis of how the West's absence of will is currently expressed. It has led "in most of our countries," he said, to a "demand . . . to go forward with what is called a negotiated settlement." It has done so, moreover, under the "sort of belief that negotiation is an abstract virtue." Thus, "one of this belief's high priests wrote the other day . . . 'We do not have to be stupid or soft in negotiation, but I would like to see us identify ourselves with the future and to stand again as we have in our better days with those who have the courage to hope and to believe.'"

"Well, now," Acheson commented icily, "this is the sacramental view of negotiation." It "identifies you with the future and with those who hope and believe, obviously contrasted with those who believe in the past and have no hope. . . ." It "does not commend itself as a sensible attitude." The "sensible" view is that we should confer when "the object of the conference may produce mutually beneficial results."

Otherwise, there is great danger: "it is so easy to . . . use this word 'negotiation' as a cover for a surrender . . . to put the façade of consent upon a defeat. . . ." "If there is to be a defeat . . . let it be an honest defeat . . . that all of us can understand and can learn from." (Such as, it is only fair to interject, the one he presided over in China.) "Do not let us smooth it over with this slimy semblance of consent."

Now, Acheson continued, let us look at the particular negotiation that Mr. Eisenhower and his lieutenants are about to enter into. "We will note, in the first place, that it is Mr. Khrushchev who is drawing the issue. . . . This in itself is a very considerable diplomatic victory. The man who can frame the issue has gone a long way toward a successful conclusion of it." In the second place—and this "I want you to note very carefully"—the issue Khrushchev has chosen "goes to the heart of . . . the possibility of creating a counter-power to Russian power. . . . I think we must respect Mr. Khrushchev [for] when he strikes he strikes at the jugular. . . . Berlin stands out as both the symbol and the prelude of the collapse [he] hopes to bring about."

Why a prelude?

Because a "normalization" of the Berlin situation unavoidably means a deal "to purchase unification of Germany by the withdrawal of American troops"—disengagement. Because the withdrawal of troops from Germany means, really, withdrawal of troops from Europe—quartering them in France is neither strategically nor politically feasible. Because withdrawing troops from Europe means that "the only possibility of a defense of Europe would be a nuclear one." And because the U.S. is not going to resist limited Soviet demands in the future by threatening total and universal war. And the counterbalance to Soviet power—a defense arrangement in which the West is *physically* bound to stand together—would thus evaporate. "In other words," Acheson summed up, Khrushchev "is inviting us to confer with an idea of coming to terms with our own existence."

And if Mr. Acheson's counsels about what *not* to do were unanswerable, they were as sterile as ever when it came to solutions. Within the framework of "balance of power" the argument was devastating—his immediate adversaries, George Kennan and Harold Macmillan, were torn to shreds. But Dean Acheson does not venture outside of that framework; a nineteenth-century mind will not acknowledge now, any more than it did when he was Secretary of State, the revolutionary dynamics of Soviet Communism. And so his prescription remains: containment. And that course, too, is fatal, though it may give us more time than the new accommodations now being discussed in the chancelleries of the West.

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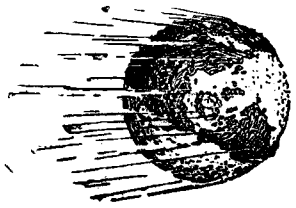

The THIRD WORLD WAR

JAMES BURNHAM

A View from Within

The following are excerpts from interviews "in depth" with a prominent Polish intellectual during a trip he recently made to western Europe.

A nation becomes old when it has gone through the degrees of democratization and has evened out its social levels. Great Britain is an example. On its territory we do not meet the "dark masses" that we find in eastern Europe, Asia, Africa or South America.

If I had to make a distinction between the old and the new, I would consider the nations of western Europe old (excluding the German nation). The Slavs, East Asians, Arabs, and the peoples of Black Africa definitely belong to the new nations. These will some day decide the culture and progress of the world.

The United States and Germany should be put in a category of their own. At present the U.S. is a prototype of the future world society. It is a young but completely developed nation. The American civilization is at present the greatest in the world, and the culture will grow and develop with the course of time. . . . Today the U.S. is the peak of human achievement in the political, economic and social fields. . . .

It was the political short-sightedness of Franklin Roosevelt and the audacious aggressiveness and political maturity of Stalin that brought the present division of the world into two hostile politico-economic blocs. These blocs can never be eliminated peacefully. The USSR will always try to win power over the whole world.

What is the strongest weapon of the USSR? Bluff and excellent propaganda. Slavs, and especially Russians, are excellent psychologists and masters of intrigue. Who can go deeper into the human soul than Dostoevsky? Who will know human psychology better than Gogol or Chekov? Perhaps the French, that is true, but their truth about man is based on cynicism. And who will outdo Prince Potemkin in ideas and improvisation? Nobody. And that is just why the West cannot grasp or understand the Communist system. And no wonder: nobody who has not gone through that system can grasp it.

The Soviet Economy

The greatest weakness of Communism is its economic system—in a word, "hunger." We can say what we like of the Germans, but we cannot deny that they are diligent, obedient to government, and disciplined. If, then, the Soviet economic system has not developed in East Germany—and we know this to be so—then it will never work or develop in any geographic longitude or latitude. The Soviet economic system is one big bluff and Potemkin-type phantom. The Soviets will never come close to the European level, and definitely never to the American, regardless of what the fanatic Khrushchev may say and swear. The system works for propaganda purposes and for Sputniks and TU-114's, but these are not a proof of economic power.

There is another factor, which the Soviets fear most, and that is the Soviet nation itself and the conquered nations, which are only waiting for the word to start a battle against the regime.

How should nations inclined toward Communism be saved? It all depends upon the kind of nation. If it is a nation without high moral power, I suggest a system of waiting. Let the Arab nations be an example. The error of Western policy is in pouring millions down the drain. What for? No country in history has bought as many enemies for its hard-earned money as has the U.S. . . . Another great fault of the West is its passivity and lack of determination in talks with the Soviet Union and its puppets.

The main reason for Western weakness is the poltical bankruptcy of socialist parties in the Western countries. Their activity paves the road for Communism. Socialism is outdated. . . . German socialists are bringing about the destruction of the Adenauer era; and who other than Polish socialists with Cyrankiewicz at their head helped the Communists take power in Poland? . . .

Nobody pays attention today to such men as Nehru, certainly not the Communists. A timid mystic and propagator of the idea of coexistence, Nehru is a person of no value in the eyes of Khrushchev and Mao Tse-tung, a person with whom it is not worth while reckoning. He only has himself and his advisers to thank for this.

Nasser meanwhile knows how to talk with Communists. . . .

Operation Gomulka

The whole world believed in "Operation Gomulka," even Poland. So everybody was cheated. The U.S. rushed to give Poland a loan and did it, of course, in good faith, wishing to help the nation. But it did not know Communism. Let nobody imagine that a dollar, pound or pfennig put into Communist cash registers will help the Polish nation. The nations under Communist rule will get only what they force out of the regime. . . . Not one good word for the regime, not one penny for the regime, no kind of contact with the regime—that is the attitude that the regime will pay attention to. . . .

There will certainly be no general war, because the Soviets will back out of it at the last moment. They are well aware of the West's power and are just provoking it to test its attitude. The more energetic and determined this attitude is, the fewer provocations there will be. There will be no war because the Soviets are first of all afraid of their own and the satellite nations. There can hardly be anything worse than not being able to count on your own nation. I believe in the Russian, Ukrainian, Kirghiz and Georgian nations. They are the factor preventing the war, but the West must help them. They have been waiting for that help for forty years.

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Special Report

The Controversial "Work Rules"

Within eighty days the great issue of the work rules is due to be settled. If the steel companies give in, will U.S. steel suffer the fate of the railroads?

FRANK CHODOROV

In his statement before the President's Board of Inquiry, E. Conrad Cooper of the United States Steel Corporation made reference to a table on file with the Board. He said: "From that table you will note that exports of American-made steel have declined from 522,000 tons in June of 1957 to less than 166,000 tons in May of 1959; while imports of foreign-made steel have increased—during the same period—from 89,000 tons two years ago to 385,000 tons during the present year." He also said that the steel companies "were finding it increasingly difficult to meet competitive prices of substitute materials in the market here at home."

These cold and chilling statistics tell us more about the strike than the millions of words that reporters and editors have written about it. They explain the adamant position taken by the companies in their demand for changes in the "work rules"—changes which Mr. McDonald declared could be effected only over the dead body of the union. The inexorable laws of economics are at work in complete contempt of the whims of union leaders, the wishes of management or the conceit of government. To put it bluntly, the industry is in danger of being priced out of the world market, upon which its vastness is dependent, and even of losing a good share of the domestic market to substitute materials. These laws make it plain that unless the price of steel is held down, the consumer will go elsewhere for his supplies. And the consumer is king.

It seems unthinkable that the giant steel industry is in any danger of collapsing, even in the distant future, and management would be laughed out of court if it even suggested such an eventuality. But it is a matter of record that other industries, in their time as strong relatively as the steel industry, have come on evil days because of union demands which the market would not tolerate. Who would have believed, a half century ago, that the coal industry would be brought to its present low estate? Or that the railroads would be pleading for their lives? Can this happen to steel? Perhaps the position taken by management on this issue of "work rules" indicates that it detects faint, and ominous, scratchings on the wall.

Public Sentiment Changes

Perhaps, too, the public, in its indistinct way, recognizes the economics of the situation. Certain it is that in the present struggle the sympathy of the public is not with union, which is in itself an interesting phenomenon. Analyzing mass sentiment is a risky venture, but it seems clear that the myth of the "underdog" is beginning to dissolve under the impact of some well-publicized facts: inflation, corruption in unionism, its monopoly position, and a wage scale that makes the strikers the highest paid production workers in the country. It is not strange, under the circumstances, that the country is unmoved by the plight of these industrial "slaves."

David McDonald

On the other hand, the public can scarcely be said to be cheering management. In great measure this lack of interest in the cause of the companies is due to misunderstanding of their side of the controversy. From the very beginning of the strike it has been apparent that the monetary demands of the union were not the principal issue. That could have been settled without much of a struggle, if the companies had not put forth their own demand for a change in the "work rules"—a demand that McDonald has refused even to consider. But what these "work rules" are has not been made clear, and as a consequence the public is befuddled.

One cannot blame the companies on this score, for the fact is that the "work rules" are not rules at all; they are rather shop practices, customs and procedures, made sacrosanct by time, which interfere with the proper or economical management of the business. They are, in the main, not written out. And then, "work rules" that obtain in one plant do not necessarily obtain in another plant, even of the same company, so that a listing of these interferences with production would necessitate a study covering all the operations of the industry, including shipping, railroading and the manufacture of everything from barbed wire to battleships. When John H. Morse of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation, replying to a request from Chairman Taylor of the Board of Inquiry for a list of these "work rules," said that such a list would bog down the investigation in literally infinite details, he was

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giving the only answer he could, even though Mr. Taylor's quip that they were already bogged down in generalities was apt.

What the companies want is permission to run their plants efficiently. Under the contract in force previous to the strike, any change in operational practice which management wanted to introduce was subject, upon a grievance being filed by the union with the industry's board of arbitration, to review and adjudication. Management was obliged to justify its action; the union had an equal, and sometimes dominant, hand in the running of the plant. That a proposed change was economically justified was of secondary importance; it was objectionable to the union because it upset the going order. Therefore, whenever an ingenious supervisor thought of some way of improving an operation, he had to consider, before advancing his idea, the probability of a grievance being filed and of the long-drawn-out arbitration proceedings that would follow. Thus, the "work rules" became a deterrent to efficient management. They made for rigidity and high costs.

We are not talking here of automation. There is a clause in the contract which permits the companies to put in all the improved machinery they want; at least, that is how the clause has been interpreted. Said Mr. Cooper, "Arbitrators usually decide that when the company makes a capital change—increases its investment—then it has the right to change the work rule, but if the company wants to realign work or change methods without installing new equipment, it is usually denied that right."

In a highly complicated plant there are ever so many alterations in methods that suggest themselves to observation and study, and which in the aggregate can effect more savings than many improved pieces of machinery. Just how much can be saved in costs by the free introduction of such changes in the steel business it would be impossible to guess; probably improvements which supervisors have thought of and have dropped because of anticipated union resistance are more important than those management has been prevented from introducing. At any rate, the strong position the companies have taken on this matter of "work rules" indicates that the possible savings amount to big money.

One of the "work rules" which has been widely publicized is that applying to the operator of a crane which lifts a kettle of molten steel. Because of the intense heat in the cabin of this crane, the company years ago gave the operator a relief man. When the cabin was air-conditioned the need for the extra workers disappeared, but the union insisted that he be retained—and obstructed the change by filing a grievance. The issue was settled in favor of the company—but only after two years of argument.

In one plant, the men were allowed to take time off for coffee whenever the operation on which they were working stopped, which was periodically. Later the operation was made continuous, and the company suggested that the men take their coffee breaks individually, rather than en masse, as they had been doing. The suggestion met with ferocious resistance.

After the war one company put a crew of fourteen elderly men on a day maintenance job. Some of the men eventally died and the company found that they could get along without a crew of fourteen; also that the work, which was easy, could best be done at night. The union insisted that those who died had to be replaced and that the crew must be employed during the day.

A particularly dirty job entitled the men to time off before closing for cleaning up. Later the dirtiness was eliminated from the work. Nevertheless, the men insisted on taking their showers on company time. Their claim was allowed.

Featherbedding

The seniority rules are especially pernicious. When a change in an operation means the elimination of one man, and he is transferred to some other department, he automatically loses the seniority privileges and prerogatives he has built up; even though he takes no cut in wages, he starts at the bottom rung in the new department. Of course the union will not tolerate this demotion. How many men are for that reason retained on jobs where they are absolutely useless, non-productive, is hard to estimate. The wages they draw add to the cost of production and are reflected in the price of the commodity.

Union leaders are in character when they oppose changes which inconvenience their members; after all, their own jobs are at stake. That is why McDonald broke off negotiations when the companies insisted on their right to run the business as they thought proper. And even when they offered to submit their demand for a change in the "work rules" to arbitration, he refused even to consider the matter.

On the other hand, the companies are faced with the laws of economics. Owing to the increased price of steel, resulting from the mounting cost of labor—the major item in the cost of production—consumers are turning to other sources of supply. Unless steel can be kept in a competitive position, the future of the business is not promising.

Taylor-Made

Dr. Harold Taylor, who is retiring as president of Sarah Lawrence College, will be guest of honor at a dinner to be held in the Hotel Waldorf-Astoria on Thursday, May 21. The theme of the dinner will be "The Liberal Spirit in American Life." Edward R. Murrow will preside. Speakers will include Dr. Robert Oppenheimer, Archibald MacLeish and Eleanor Roosevelt.

National Review, May 23, 1959

Compared to Eleanor's "Resartus"
of this Taylor stitching up the
Emperor's Clothes
Thomas Carlyle would be gnomic,
quick to part us
from the mental mush a thinker
loathes;
and colloquies MacLeish
Had with his circus Yahweh
would be a moment's muttered hashish
to while away a trip to Rahway;
or a cryptic symbol Oppenheimer
scribbled in his study, soothing
Linus Pauling, Norman Cousins
and the furrows from the brow
of Murrow.

When this shall happen, time her
platitudes by the dozens
and count the docile faithful
later, mouthing
the mongoloids of nothing

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Chix, Kix, Pix Nix

NOEL E. PARMENTEL JR.

It was bound to happen. While Nelson Rockefeller went west, plans were laid for an amiable little bushwhacking of the governor right here in his own bailiwick. Although the Rockefeller safari to California was marked by such *gaffes* as the press-conference kafoofle and the right brass band at the wrong airport, the grand opening of New Yorkers For Nixon came off very smoothly indeed. There were kleig lights, beribboned pretty-girls, Celebrities, Sousa marches, cider and doughnuts, and a big, enthusiastic crowd of Nice People.

Chumminess was the watchword. "We don't want to embarrass anybody in the New York Republican State Organization," said Peter Flanigan, chairman of New Yorkers For Nixon and a resident of Connecticut. "We're boosters, not knockers," a flat-chested Smith alumna informed me. "Glad to have you aboard, fella," said a Bright Young Man of my acquaintance. I murmured that I was just working. "Well," he said, drifting off, "let's have lunch sometime. Call me at Sullivan Cromwell." I heard him greet another fringe type with "Hiya, fella . . ." There was a good deal more jollity, conviviality, and good feeling; my hand was pumped, at a conservative estimate, fifty times. A pleasant young Wife and Mother wanted to enroll me as a doorbell-ringer. I told her that this was all just line-of-duty for me and that I was, in any case, a Southern Democrat. "Oh you just couldn't be," she burbled, impaling my lapel with a Nixon button, which I accepted with as much gallantry as I could muster.

Attracting attention out on Madison Avenue were a bevy of hit and miss beauties identified, by letters emblazoned upon order ribbons, as Vixens For Nixon. Their collective name seems to be the brain-child of Lang Washburn, whose wife and sister-in-law were among the self-proclaimed Vixens. (The idea seemed kind of fun and games, and I could not help some variations on the theme, *e.g.*: Adders For Adlai. Nags For Nelson. Harridans For Humphrey. *Kvetches* For Kennedy. Sharp-Tongues For Stu. *Yentahs* For Yohnson.)

Washburn, a fresh-faced, professional Young Republican is the type who rides elephants in Republican parades. He must be pushing forty, and is far from being the only one of these Youngsters who have been hanging around since the days of Wendell Willkie. Butter wouldn't melt in Washburn's mouth for good reason, and the H-Bomb and Sputnik have made no inroads into his guilelessness and naiveté. His approach to Space-Age politics, involving college girls, balloons, trick umbrellas, lollipops and firecrackers, is perhaps a little dated, but he is nevertheless a thoroughly Nice Guy and representative of his type.

The Speechifying

After a run on the cider, more miling around, and one or two threats to "run into you up at Mad River" (or is it Sugarbush this year?), it was time for the speechifying. Flanigan stood up on a chair and introduced Anita Loos. Miss Loos, author of *Cheri*, the Broadway turkey about a Dirty Old Woman, is roughly the size of a Sells-Floto midget and needed a chair and a couple of telephone books.

After praising the Vice President for his "courage and ability," she gave way to Jinx Falkenberg McCrary, another Young Republican. Jinx and Al Jolson were an "item" about the same time when the Lang Washburns of this world first became Dewey-eyed about Modern Republicanism. Jinx went along on the Caracas junket with the Nixons, and gave the audience a kind of Around The World With Auntie Jinx. She described many visits with the Nixons, finally ending up "in the kitchen" with Dick and Nikita Khrushchev. In closing, she left the field clear for another outstanding political sophisticate, halfback Frank Gifford of the New York Giants.

Frank spoke as an "ath-a-lete," and admitted that some of us audience folks might be wondering why a professional football player should want to cast his lot with "a person such as Nixon." No slouch on the up-a-take, Frank realized he had bungled his line and quickly added "or any other person." It turned out that the Gifford-Nixon rapport hinges upon national physical fitness, a subject of interest to both the star pro half-back and the old Whittier scrub. Peter Flanigan then outlined the group's aspirations, thanked everyone for coming, and closed the program. The speeches had all been short, if scarcely to the point (what to do about Rockefeller—and the world) and at no time did the affair drag.

Flanigan, who deserves credit for getting the group off to a fast start on Rockefeller home ground, is no Nice Nellie. He looks like a commuting Young Republican, but there the resemblance ends. His boy-next-door appearance notwithstanding, he is sharp, personable, and eminently presentable. A partner at Dillon-Reed and a trustee of the Museum of Natural History, he has a very photogenic wife, the daughter of long-time *Harper's Bazaar* editor Carmel Snow. His emergence as head of New Yorkers For Nixon was a clever piece of work and he is clearly a comer.

Variegated Crowd

After the oratory, I wandered in and out of the headquarters for some impressions. The Nice Nellie set and their female equivalents were, of course, in evidence, as difficult as ever to distinguish, ethnic differences aside, from their opposite numbers in the Democratic insurgent groups. Nice fellows all, good at bridge, fair at golf, like to ski. If they aren't already, they will some day be excellent lawnmowers. I can see the girls in the PTA, the League of Women Voters, and on the D-Day Barricades at the Battle of Fluoridation. And not one of them would know a political issue if it were sitting next to him or her on the 8:06 or in Schrafft's.

There were, besides the delegation of congenitally simple-minded, some interesting names and faces. The heads of Cluett-Peabody, Cities Service, and American Cyanamid were

(*Continued on p. 535*)

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from HERE *to* THERE

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

Toward a Conservative Revival

Putting two things together:

The editor of a conservative newspaper, speaking to one of his editorial writers, remarks: "Willie, I can foresee the day when we aren't going to have many things to write about. We're winning the school fight. We're going to win the budget fight. Foreign aid is bound to be cut sure as you're born. Who knows, we may even win the farm and labor fights."

With the school "progressives" on the run, with angry taxpayers rejecting a school bond issue in New York City and electing economy-minded Bracken Lee mayor of Salt Lake City, with the farm population shrinking and losing impetus as a pressure group with every new census, and with labor in the doghouse as a result of the McClellan Committee's revelations and an utterly idiotic steel strike, the conservative editor could be right. But who is going to carry the editor's battles to completion?

One might think that it would be the Republican Party. But listen to another editor speak. In an eloquent pamphlet made up out of editorial articles which have appeared seriatim in the *Chicago Tribune*, editor George Morgenstern begins by remarking that the Republican Party, even as the Democratic Party, is a "liberal" party leaning strongly to the left. "The ultimate destination is socialism and national collapse," he says.

Mr. Morgenstern is obviously correct in his Tweedledum and Tweedledee assessment of the two parties, give or take slight differences here and there in the "liberal"-conservative personality mix. But if our first editor is right about the turn of the tide, it won't be long before politicians in both parties are competing for the profitable honor of being first to satisfy the voters' new desires.

As a libertarian who has voted for both Democrats and Republicans in his time, I don't suppose it really matters which party gets there first. Each party has been a great conservative force in its day. Back in the eighteen seventies and eighties the Democratic Party under Tilden and Cleveland was the party of hard money, free trade and a minimum of government handouts. Later, when the Populists captured the Democratic machinery, the Republican Party carried the conservative or libertarian flag. Both parties, then, have traditions which could be used to further a conservative revival at the polls.

Principles for Republicans

However, since the Democratic Party has given more hostages to Walter Reuther, the Republican Party is still the most promising vehicle for a change. But what are its principles, as currently stated? Mr. Morgenstern can find no clarity in what is officially offered as honest Republicanism. Inasmuch as he doubts the ability of Mr. Eisenhower to state the purposes and principles of the party, Mr. Morgenstern proposes to do it for him.

The result, as it comes from Mr. Morgenstern's hands, is political pamphleteering of a high order. Mr. Morgenstern begins simply: Principle No. 1, he says, is that the Republican Party should not be afraid to be different from the Democratic Party. Principle No. 2 is that it should be "a party of integrity," one which disdains the propaganda of "He can't win" when selecting its candidates. Principle No. 3 is that it should reject the idea that it can be a party of blocs—"it must refuse to permit government to become gross and swollen by playing Americans against one another."

Principle No. 4 is that the party "should cease cultivating the habit of dependence among the people," a habit which is rapidly converting America into a "society of workers and drones." Principle No. 5 is that it should not "punish responsibility and self-reliance . . . in order to transfer their earned rewards to the elements in society which have made a racket of displaying painted wounds." Principle No. 6 is that it should adhere to the old doctrine that it is the duty of the people to support their government, not the duty of the government to support the people. Principle No. 7 is that it must reject the notion that "socialism possesses some sanction beyond the mere force of numbers." As for the final principle, No. 8, it is as old as Cicero's cry that "our customs have perished for want of men to stand by them." The Republican Party must find men who know the inner meaning of the old "forms and visages of the Republic," not merely the look of their outer husks or shells.

Guide to Action

Having laid down the principles that ought to govern a conservative party, Mr. Morgenstern proceeds to show how they can be recognized in terms of action. A party adhering to the "eight principles" will not try to use the government as an engine for reducing humanity to "a mere puddle of ciphers." It will treat Communism as a conspiracy to undermine "the forms and visages" of the Republic. It will reverse the trends toward balanced budgets, debt and inflation. It will cut billions out of the federal payroll by taking the government out of its various businesses of owning land, managing property, acting as a medical clinician, banking, insurance, underwriting mortgages and doing a thousand other things that might be done by private associations. Taking his cue from the Hoover Reports, Mr. Morgenstern hazards the guess that the Republican Party could save the taxpayer some thirty billion dollars by divesting the government of 2,500 business operations, by shifting the transportation of military persons and property to private carriers, by liquidating federal lending agencies, and so on.

In a country of many diversified regions, it is not likely that the Republican Party will ever become as principled as Mr. Morgenstern would like it to be. But if the party wants to beat the Democrats to the punch, it had better listen to Mr. Morgenstern. Someone is going to win some day on those issues posed by our first editor, who is looking ahead to the time when he will have no more fun because his crusades have been won.

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Those Russian Language Textbooks

If you are studying Russian today, a warning! Dollars to rubles, the textbook you are using paints a rosy picture of life in the USSR

J. ZIFERMAN

The last few years have witnessed the sharply increased tempo of Russian studies in both the colleges and high schools of this country. Russian has been added to the list of modern languages offered even where the schools are hardly equipped academically to do so. A realization of the importance of such studies has suddenly spread across the breadth of American academic life, causing its policy-makers to throw caution to the winds and to do whatever can be done with whatever is at hand. While, for example, the Modern Language Association survey of 1954 revealed that just 183 colleges and universities, out of more than 1,800 such institutions, were offering courses in Russian, with approximately 5,000 students taking it, the number of those currently studying the language has tripled. In addition to colleges and universities, 114 public secondary schools and 26 private secondary schools now list courses in Russian. In view of the fact that only sixteen high schools fitted this category in 1957, the last two figures also indicate substantial progress.

This represents progress both in coping with the other great actor in the Cold War and in advancing the over-all level of American education. But one rather disturbing aspect of the present state of Russian studies, which if not corrected, might tend to work against the very aims the sponsors of these studies are attempting to achieve, should be noted. The point is, certain texts used for Russian language instruction occasionally, and one may assume, inadvertently, offer statements regarding the Soviet Union and Russia which are grossly inaccurate. The harsher realities of Soviet life seem in these instances to have been embellished, misrepresented, even ignored outright.

There is, for instance, a widely used text, *Simplified Russian Grammar*, prepared by two American professors, Mischa H. Fayer, head of the Russian Department and Director of the Russian School and Institute of Soviet Studies, Middlebury College, and Aron Pressman, head of the Russian Department, New York University. After mastering most of the elements of grammar, the student reaches the twenty-seventh lesson, where he is given this passage to translate from Russian to English:

> In the Kolkhoz "M" [collective farm] there are many cottages. All the cottages are large and beautiful. Every cottage has a kitchen garden or [flower] garden. In the center of the kolkhoz there is a House of Culture. In it there is a good library and big hall. In the hall kolkhozniks listen to concerts and lectures, dance and look at movies. Actors and actresses frequently arrive here from Leningrad. In the kolkhoz there is a good school, laboratory, hospital and two stores. Not far from the kolkhoz there is a Machine-Tractor Station. Kolkhozniks use tractors and combines of this station. Our teachers, who come to us from the institute, teach us how to use machines, how to take care of cattle and poultry and to do everything that is needed in the kolkhoz. . . . My parents [collective farmers] are spending their vacation in the Caucasus. . . . Every evening one of the comrades or teachers talks about the cities, schools, theaters and museums in the USSR or about life in Europe or America. . . . I love to live in the kolkhoz.

The Russian passage in the thirty-first lesson waxes even more enthusiastic:

> In the kolkhozes there is more work in spring than in the winter time. Throughout the day kolkhozniks work in the fields but female collective farmers work in kitchen gardens. In the cities also everybody has more work at this time of year. At the end of April and the beginning of May students prepare themselves for examinations, women clean apartments, and on days off men wash their cars or work in the gardens. Everywhere there are gay songs and laughter. All are happy.

The impressions created by these references to rural and urban life do not reflect the typical situations at all. The majority of those on a collective farm live an extremely drab life, are deprived of the most elemental requirements for a decent level of subsistence. Indeed, the term *kolkhoznik* itself, used figuratively, connotes destitution, helplessness and lack of respect. The authors might profitably have borne in mind the findings of a Harvard research team on the subject:

> Centrally and overwhelmingly they [kolkhozniks] want the collective farm system done away with in its present form, because they see it as enslaving the peasant and making him a serf of the state . . . [the collective farm] is the cause of his deprived status and is the reason for the loss of independence, autonomy, and integrity, which he so keenly feels.[1]

Communist Boy Scouts

Another error creeps in later, which if not alarming is certainly irritating. In the section "Russian-English Vocabulary" (p. 369) the term *pioneer* is translated in this way: "member of Young Pioneers, youth organization, similar to Boy Scouts." Would it not have been just as easy and far more accurate for the authors to have stated the fact that it is a youth organization sponsored by the Communist Party? Consider the oath of the Pioneers:

> I, a Young Pioneer of the Soviet Union, solemnly promise in the presence of my comrades to be faithful to Lenin's precepts and to defend firmly the cause of our Communist Party and the victory of Communism. I promise to live and to study so as to become a worthy citizen of our Soviet homeland.

1. R. A. Bauer, A. Inkeles and C. Kluckholm, **How the Soviet System Works**, Harvard University Press, 1956, p. 184.

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It is clear that the Pioneer organization is political and ideological. The Boy Scouts, in the words of L. R. Lucas, Director, Educational Service, Boy Scouts of America, "is nonsectarian, and neither military nor antimilitary, nor political in character." To say that the two organizations are similar seems more than a little naive. It is truly unfortunate that a methodologically excellent text such as this should be so misleading in its contents.

Other textbooks unfortunately fit in the same category. They contain passages or sentences which give a false impression of the Soviet Union. Thus, in her *Beginner's Russian Reader,* Lila Pargment wrote the following description of the construction of the Moscow subway:

> It would have been difficult and perhaps impossible to solve this task, if the entire people had not taken an active part in this construction. From all parts of the country people began to arrive to Moscow in order to contribute their labor to build the subway. The Moscow subway was built in the same manner as were the cathedrals in the large cities of Europe. Many people were giving their free time, often working for free.

Professor Pargment should have bridled her enthusiasm a bit. Many remember a Moscow Communist Party resolution issued in February 1934, by which thousands were forcibly mobilized for the work to which she refers. Bookkeepers, machinists, tailors, people of all trades, were thrown into the digging of tunnels. The building of the Moscow subway evokes comparison with the Egyptian pyramids rather than with the great cathedrals of Europe.

The lesson on Lenin is also of dubious historical validity.

> In 1903, abroad, there was a conference of Russian Marxists to which many delegates from Russia came. At the conference Lenin came out with a program which was opposed by several other delegates. They proposed a different program. Upon this all took a vote and the followers of Lenin received the majority of votes. This is why they were called 'bolsheviks.'

The statement is a gross oversimplification. At this conference the opposition won the first vote on the programs, 28 to 22, "but by manipulation and political trickery Lenin got the matter reconsidered after seven or eight delegates had withdrawn or been expelled from the meeting. This time he won by a very slender majority, and with a keen sense of publicity, he took for his group the title *Bolsheviki* . . . but the actual votes on the key issues hardly bore out the claim of Lenin's title. The tabulation was: for Lenin, 22; not voting 20; blank ballots, 2; delegates withdrawn or expelled, 7."[2] Soviet historiography wants us to believe that Lenin's position at the London conference was exactly as described in Pargment's text.

Certain books by Anna H. Semeonoff, published in Great Britain but

used in this country as well, reflect an incautious optimism and admiration toward the Soviet Union. She incorporated large amounts of material by E. Fortunatova, a Soviet author whose treatment of Soviet reality is, shall we say, interesting. Miss Semeonoff found in Fortunatova's stories dealing with present-day life in the Soviet Union, "the only suitable material of this kind. By means of these stories I have been enabled to give the student not only up-to-date language, but also an idea of some features of modern life in Russia and other republics of the Soviet Union."[3] The idea, to put it mildly, is sadly out of date.

Other textbooks, like G. Z. Patrick's and L. A. Patrick's *Elementary Russian Reader,* treat the pre-revolutionary history of Russia in the most unobjective, nationalistic way. Ivan the Terrible, Peter I, Catherine II, are depicted in the grand manner; their contribution to the expansion of the Russian Empire heavily emphasized, their brutality and depravities studiously ignored. Moreover, it would have been technically more accurate for the Patricks to have used the term "Ukraine" rather than the jingoistic "Little Russia." (They also could have avoided the insinuation that all the people living there are "buckwheat" growers.)

A similar quality of historical bias permeates G. A. Znamensky's *Conversational Russian* in which Russia is presented as a monolith continuously striving toward and achieving superior cultural and economic goals.

Possible Result

Why are these inaccuracies concerning Russia and the Soviet Union presented to the Russian language student? Could scholars so familiar with a particular language be so unfamiliar with the particular area? Surely not. Could it be that the authors, intent on hammering home the language itself, incorporated into their books material from Soviet sources without bothering to check it for authenticity? Possible, if unscholarly. Is it part of a Communist propaganda offensive? If so, it is clumsy in the extreme.

But whatever the motive, the end result could be serious. While the chances are fairly minute that college students of reasonable intelligence will be swept into the arms of Communism by the falsifications and inaccuracies in which these textbooks abound, there remains the possibility that the subject matter in these books could be seized upon as a pretext for conducting an investigation of Russian language courses which would result in a cutback and possibly a suppression of these studies altogether. And that would be a severe blow to American education.

Happily, there are a few alternative texts: A. v. Gronicka's *Essentials of Russian,* H. G. Lund's *Fundamentals of Russian,* G. A. Birkett's *A Modern Russian Course.* These and a few others manage to fulfill the objective of instructing in the language without sugar-coating their references to the Soviet Union.

2. W. B. Walsh, **Russia and the Soviet Union,** Ann Arbor, 1958, p. 326.
3. A. H. Semeonoff, **A First Russian Reader,** London, 1945, p. V.

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From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

The Sacred Band of School Administrators

There exists one body of educationists by the side of which the National Education Association looks almost old-fangled and traditionalist: and that is the American Association of School Administrators, made up of superintendents and principals. Though allied with, and generally conforming to, the National Education Association and its state affiliates, the AASA is even more dogmatically progressive and intolerant of opposition than is the NEA. The AASA, too, has its state affiliates. It may be roughly compared to a foremen's union; but instead of being distinct from—and opposed in interest to—the factory-hands' union, the members of the AASA also belong to, and substantially dominate, the NEA. It is a realm within a realm, or an exclusive club of administrators.

In its convention at Atlantic City last spring, the AASA adopted an interesting resolution. Only a minority of the total membership present at the convention voted on this resolution, and among those who voted there was a substantial minority opposed; but the resolution passed. The AASA is as tightly in the grip of its national officers as is the Teamsters' Union, and when the powers that be have spoken, a great many superintendents and principals find it best not to say them nay.

This is the resolution which was passed: "Beginning on January 1, 1964, all new members of the American Association of School Administrators shall submit evidence of successful completion of two (2) years of graduate study in university programs designed to prepare school administrators and approved by an accreditation body endorsed by the Executive Committee of AASA." Thus the clutch of the doctrinaire administrators will be fastened even more jealously upon the public schools.

To exclude from membership—and therefore, they hope, from any important posts in the school system—deviationists from the "Progressive" and "Adjustment" dogmas of latter-day Deweyism: this is the intention of the American Association of School Administrators. Either you spend two years being brainwashed in some college of education's graduate program for administrators; or else you are excluded from the national union, the AASA, and therefore have trouble finding a post as superintendent or principal. This will mean that after 1963, the great majority of school administrators will be even less well schooled in humane and scientific disciplines than they now are; for if you enroll in two years' graduate work in school administration, you will have precious little time for graduate work in any decent intellectual study. Keep those scholars out of school administration, boys; they think too much; such men are dangerous.

Scholars Not Wanted

Even before this resolution was passed, it was sufficiently difficult for an intelligent school administrator to engage in serious graduate studies. A friend of mine, an experienced superintendent of schools, decided that he would like to become a doctor of philosophy or science; and so he went to talk with the hierarchs of the college of education at his state university. Yes, they said, they would approve of his becoming a doctor. Now what did he want to study?

"Astronomy," my friend said. "I know higher mathematics, but not astronomy. More than anything else, I'd like to be a doctor of science in astronomy."

The hierarchs gasped and then smirked. "Well, really, Ed! What use is astronomy to a school administrator? What you need is more professional training: two or three years of work in administration. There are some good posts open to our men who have doctoral degrees in school administration."

There could be no post so good as to tempt him into two or three years of such boredom, my friend hinted; and he went away. But he did not study astronomy; the hierarchs of educational administration had soured him on the university generally.

Only a forlorn minority of school administrators, I fear, are so stubborn as my friend. The rest, sighing—if they are reasonably intelligent men—will accept the two or three years of boredom and wasted time in "administrative" studies for the sake of the half-promised preferment when one has gone through the degree-mill. And some, no shining lights ever, will welcome the administrative studies as an easy way of avoiding any real intellectual discipline.

To send a tolerably competent superintendent or principal to an education-college course of study in "administration" is like requiring an experienced master plumber to spend weary years in a university studying Theory of Plumbing. In such a curriculum, there will be some crumbs of knowledge useful to practical administrators; but these will be lost among the sterile sands of educationese, and more easily got out of books and magazines anyway. And I doubt that even the more zealous advocates of graduate study in school administration really expect to teach the superintendents much. All they are after is "raising professional standards": that is, creating a closed union by wearisome and expensive requirements of membership, in which no dissenters will be tolerated.

A good many school administrators dislike the domination of the doctrinaire educationists that passed the "graduate study" resolution. The dissenters, however, are not in power. What can school boards do, after 1962, to secure competent superintendents and principals, if all are required to waste their time in graduate programs for school administrators? Why, they are not required to employ a member of the AASA; and if the AASA clique persists in this narrow and anti-intellectual policy, school boards will do well to insist that the administrators with whom they contract should *not* be members of AASA. We are fallen upon dreary days when membership in a professional organization of schoolmen is becoming a guarantee of ignorance.

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Object Lesson for Eisenhower

FORREST DAVIS

General Eisenhower would do well to include George N. Crocker's *Roosevelt's Road to Russia* (Regnery, $5.00) in his knapsack as he reconnoiters the Communist Empire's southern frontiers from New Delhi to Rome. Assuredly, the President should deeply consider why World War II turned so disastrously upon us, before he (like Roosevelt) visits Russia. The statesmen of the Atlantic powers, Roosevelt in the van, closely attended by an infatuated Harry Hopkins and the coldly enigmatic Gen. George C. Marshall, saved Stalin's tottering regime from his subjects as well as from Hitler, as an outcome of history's most comprehensive war, a war fought ironically in the name of the Four Freedoms. In the aftermath commissars have replaced gauleiters in eastern Europe; the Hammer and Sickle flies in Asia where the Rising Sun of Nippon once flew; and, as for freedom, all's to do again.

It is this harrowing, infinitely melancholy testament to man's villainy and folly that Mr. Crocker again recites. A San Francisco lawyer, a former law school dean, Mr. Crocker expertly marshals the familiar sources, driving in a passionately terse prose to his conclusion. He holds as a necessary premise that the raising of a new and malignant enemy of the fluid, organic West was not the work of impersonal, historic forces. Stalin was fighting two wars, one of defense, the second a war for world dominion. As for Roosevelt, he was, as Crocker recapitulates the President's acts and policies, equally intent that Stalin should win both. Unambiguously, Crocker states his conclusion:

> By intention and deed he not only built up the power of the Soviet Union and made it a high-priority project but also fanatically devoted himself to bringing about a state of affairs in Europe and Asia in which there would be no neighboring powers capable of offering any check to Soviet ambitions. His "unconditional surrender" ultimatum and his insistence upon keeping American and British troops out of the Balkans and eastern German areas were but parts of this general design; and he overrode with inflexible stubbornness the efforts of Winston Churchill to look to the future and guard against the threat of a colossal Communist hegemony casting its dark shadow over all of Europe and Asia.

The record of Roosevelt's wartime conduct, from the dispatch of a hallucinated Hopkins to Stalin bearing Roosevelt's respects and Lend-Lease, to his support of the infamous Henry Morgenthau *cum* Harry Dexter White pastoralization policy for Germany, to the final monumental abandonment of eastern Europe and China to Stalin's will at Yalta, constitutes a pattern on which the Crocker judgment can plausibly be based. The evidence that Roosevelt "planned it that way" scarcely can be gainsaid.

Thus arraigned, Roosevelt appears as a Machiavelli beyond compare, a betrayer of his people and his culture on a scale transcending any past infamies in the West: a President holding history in his palm who used his power wantonly to produce catastrophes of which a new and costlier war would not be the most grim.

The annals of the Republic disclose surprisingly few villains on the grand scale and none matching Crocker's image of the wartime Roosevelt. Yet Crocker's indictment is somehow incomplete, because with all his persuasive didacticism and polemical ardor he fails to hit upon a single and unassailable *motive*. Having said that Roosevelt was beglamorized by Stalin (as may be inferred from his messages to Earl Browder conveyed by the elusive go-between, Josephine Truslow Adams), that he had a childish faith in the saturnine Georgian's *bona fides*, that he bitterly envied Winston Churchill and embraced the ritualistic Liberal abhorrence of British imperialism, and that he had an affinity for the Russophiles and servants of Moscow in his train, what shall next be said?

Crocker, who amasses the evidence of Roosevelt's pro-Stalin bent so tellingly and depicts the consequences so eloquently, falters when it comes to motive. He seeks it in the President's vainglory, his adventurism, his obsessive desire to be re-elected, his narcissistic wish to be liked by the Soviet despot. He searches further for motive in the President's protean and opaque personality. It is here that I surmise he misses some points. For while alleging against the President an inveterate "duplicity," he minimizes his essential frivolity, his empiricism, his vindictiveness and his one-dimensional mind. What Roosevelt took from history was not its casual lessons but its gossip.

It could be argued, although I do not advance it, that Roosevelt lacked the depth to see through to the full and dire consequences of his propitiation of Stalin. He knew that what he was doing might result in Soviet Russia's mastering eastern Europe, if not all Europe. The amazing paper circulated by Hopkins at the first Quebec Conference (presumably the work of Marshall) prefigured that result. I can indeed imagine Roosevelt gloating, as his son Elliott has represented him doing, over the thought that the British and French would have tough going against the postwar Soviet Union, without so much as a thought as to what the decline—or Communization—of our Western friends would mean to us. He was not in fiber a man of the West.

What I suppose I am saying is that Roosevelt was not only irresponsible,

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but also ignorant of the recurrent swings of history. He did not understand that the system of nations produces fresh enmities each generation as interests change, and that it is the business of statecraft to guard as much as possible against raising new enemies while subduing contemporary ones. Having invented the United Nations, having touched glasses with Stalin, Roosevelt perhaps thought that the future would run with his trivial optimism.

With another President pitting his understanding, his acuity and his steel against another adversary in Moscow, *Roosevelt's Road to Russia,* showing us again the calamities which Presidential diplomacy has brought upon us, has an urgent timeliness. It could also be an object lesson for Eisenhower.

Black and White, Read All Over

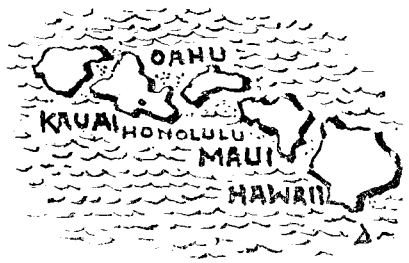
JOAN DIDION

ONCE UPON a time, when popular fiction admitted both Good Guys and Bad Guys, evil was a palpable force, waiting beyond the cottonwood trees in the draw. These days we have a more permissive universe, peopled only by Good Guys, a few of whom do not see the light until the closing chapters. Sin is asocial, and decidedly *infra dig.* There can be no real snakes in Eden any more; there must be instead, to account for unpleasantness and violence and Seconal, a Problem. A Problem is like a defanged snake in a bag, and can be exorcised, as sin cannot be, by A Liberal Education (words and music by Mark Van Doren). Since a Problem implies a Solution, the only task before us is to educate the benighted in that Solution. The idea of racial intolerance, precisely because it is fraught with undeviating simplicity, is an ideal Problem. If we are to believe what we read in the papers, large numbers of people live wrapped in the rosy knowledge that were we all to get along like tea-colored birds (the adjective belongs to Philip Wylie, an old-time social evangelist) in a nest, life from here on out would be blue skies, Salk vaccine, and two MG's in every pot.

This Getting-Along-Together is the main tenet of James Michener's faith, a social philosophy of such relentless intellectual difficulty that Oscar Hammerstein was able to encompass it in all its complexities in the lyrics for *South Pacific;* and man's intermittent resistance to Getting-Along-Together is the Problem in Mr. Michener's new epic of the islands, *Hawaii* (Random House, $6.95).

Rest assured that even the most recalcitrantly wrong-headed come around in time for the fadeout. Page 936 reveals Hoxworth Hale, scion of the *haole* aristocracy, congratulating young Shigeo Sakagawa on his election to the Territorial Senate. "You'll forgive me," Hale says, crowning the Japanese boy with a lei, "if I don't kiss you." "I'll do that for you, Dad," says Hale's daughter—who "studied politics at Wellesley"—and damned if she doesn't.

Hawaii is a Book-of-the-Month, a Reader's Digest Condensed Book Club selection, a movie property (acquired by the Mirisch Company for $600,000 and 10 per cent of the gross), and an index to America's most popular attitudes. Its sheer bulk lends it



the illusion of ponderous achievement; one feels somewhere deep that nobody, not even James Michener, could have invested so much interesting material—the account of an insular society that woke from reveries of Tahitian gods to the electric-eel shock of Harry Bridges and Henry Kaiser—with what appears to be so little intelligence. Because Mr. Michener knows the names and the places (believing in his *Mauna Loa,* for instance, is as easy as believing in the Matson Line's *Lurline* or *Matsonia,* and the names and careers of his missionary-entrepreneurs, Janders and Whipple, Hoxworth and Hale, ring as true as the real ones, Alexander and Baldwin, Castle and Cooke), one tends to expect that he might also know what they were about. The immense sweep and spurious accuracy of Mr. Michener's material cast so potent a spell that it takes an effort of will to recall where we have met these people before, and it wasn't in any history of the Pacific.

Consider Kelolo Kanakoa, dispossessed heir to the Hawaiian throne and kind of beach-boy next door. His friends call him Kelly. He messes around with mainland divorcees from places like Tulsa and Montgomery and Atlanta. (Mr. Michener never overlooks an opportunity to score one off on the South, and it is, anyway, part of the catechism that divorcees *do,* just as war widows *don't.*) But he takes only good girls, from Smith College, home to Mom ("Muddah, dis *wahine* Elinor Henderson, Smith"), and is at last saved by a good woman's love. The match is, as so much *lagniappe,* interracial.

Consider Wild Whip Hoxworth, as untamedly masculine a hero as any who ever crossed the pages of *McCall's.* Wild Whip ("tall and lean, with knife scars across his left cheek and black hair that rumpled in the wind . . . flashing white teeth and slow, penetrating eyes") is given to women and pineapples, endearing passions both. "We ought to plant these in Hawaii," says one of Wild Whip's women as he feeds her a pineapple. "I propose to," he replies. Consider Goro Sakagawa's bride, a Japanese Carol Kennicott, who "loves Bruckner and Brahms and was fighting to set the Japanese girl free." She longs to return to Tokyo, where the talk, Mr. Michener reports with approval, is "all about Paris and André Gide and Dostoevski." Goro, who fights with the Nisei in Italy, tells Ernie Pyle: "We fight double. Against the Germans and for every Japanese in America." "There goes an American," says an onlooker, a Princeton man.

If this all sounds like a song you've heard before, it's because *Hawaii* turns out to be inhabited by some of our most popular folk characters, traveling incognito as Tahitian monarchs, missionaries, magnates and labor leaders. Meet Clyde V. Carter,

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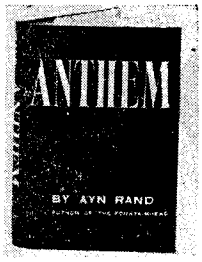

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a Texas congressman to warm the cockles of any Liberal heart. Mr. Carter "hated to the point of nausea anyone who wasn't a white man," and "knew from experience that rich men were the saviors of the republic." Meet the War Widow (the aforementioned *wahine* from Smith, Elinor Henderson), whose husband, characterized as "one of the men God puts his special finger on," died "covered with medals." "He had a thing about happiness," says Mrs. Henderson, whose dialogue appears to have been ghosted by Sheila Graham. "God, if the world knew what that man knew about being happy." The island women have their genesis in the lush dreams of a Matson Line copywriter ("Has she been here," a *haole* asks himself, "under these breadfruit trees, all these last empty years?"); and the Chinese Matriarch of the piece, Wu Chow's Auntie, turns out to be none other than the island Ma Perkins, who at 104 briskly fills her men in on the tax-loss structure, and at 106 becomes An American. "When you are a citizen," she says, "the earth feels different." The whole vast Pacific, in fact, sudses up like daytime radio.

Adult daytime radio. With the subtle irony that once characterized the "Lincoln High" series, Mr. Michener educates us to the Solution. "With all the fine girls I told you about from Hiroshima," a Japanese mother cries, "why do you ride home with a *haole*? It's almost as bad as if you married a Korean." "How different things are now," a Hawaiian muses. "The problem is: will a leading Chinese family like Hong Kong Kee's allow their daughter to marry a Hawaiian? We have fallen so swiftly on the slide of history." The inbred, white-on-white families are, naturally, ravaged by homosexuality—"women sitting upstairs in the late afternoons" (unless I misunderstand Mr. Michener and all the Southern novelists whose property that line originally was, it means mad, mad, mad), and fumbling gentlemen who can't help wondering out loud what "Japanese field hands" are doing in their offices. Hoxworth Hale's daughter—that's Noelani, the Wellesley politico—sums up *their* dilemma: "I've been living a long time," she says, "with worn-out people."

Noelani, you don't know the half of it.

No Intervention, No Problem

FRANK CHODOROV

ERE THERE no intervention, there would be no farm problem."

Thus, in a single sentence, William H. Peterson, in *The Great Farm Problem* (Regnery, $5.00), diagnoses what has become a chronic national disease and suggests the only remedy: the government must get clean out of the agricultural business. The entire book is devoted to proving the incompetence of government in any field of economic endeavor. Using agriculture as a shining example, it clearly demonstrates that the "farm problem" is only a problem in politics.

Since the beginning of the country —perhaps since the beginning of organized society—the agriculturist has resented the urbanite, maintaining that his lot is made harder by the avarice and advantages of the city dweller. There was more than a modicum of substance in his complaint. The tariff system—political intervention—did in fact work hardship on the farmer because it compelled him to pay more than a competitive price for the goods he bought even while the price he obtained for his produce was set in a free world market. The injustice was patent, and should have been righted by the discontinuance of the special privilege granted by government to the manufacturing interests. But the farmer, whose knowledge of economics is on a par with that of the rest of the population, rarely asked for the abolition of the tariff privilege; rather, he sought from government some privilege to offset the advantage of the industrial producer. And the politician, equally ignorant of economics and concerned only with the prerogatives and perquisites of office, was quite willing to propitiate the farm vote.

But what could the politician, in the early days, do to win the good will of the farmer? A tariff on farm products would not do, because the American farmer could undersell the farmers in the world market and therefore suffered from no foreign competition in the domestic market.

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Before the income tax was authorized, the federal government was in a poor position to subsidize any industry to any extent. The best the politician from the rural areas could offer his constituents was a congeries of small favors, like a post office building, rural free delivery, roads to market. Beyond that, he could offer them the prospect of getting rid of their mortgages with cheap money: free coinage of silver and the issuance of greenbacks constituted "farm policy" in the last century.

Beyond this, the political aspirant gave the farmer a full measure of enemies on whom to vent his spleen: hate the trusts, hate Wall Street, hate the railroads, hate the commission man, hate New England, hate the rich. Out of this emotional experience came, eventually, the taxation of incomes. It was the farmer who gave this measure his unbridled support. He drew solace from the prospect of soaking the rich, the class that lived in the gilded cities of the industrial Northeast. That is, it was a piece of legislation nurtured in class and sectional hatred.

With the advent of the income tax the politician could really do something to win the farm vote. Quite properly, therefore, two-thirds of *The Great Farm Problem* is devoted to the idiocies collectively called "farm policy" after the enactment of the Sixteenth Amendment. In the beginning—the amendment became law in 1913—the levies were small and the grants-in-aid to farmers were likewise miniscule. But the depression of the 1930s and World War II weakened any latent resistance to high levies, and the swollen income of the government enabled the politicians to take a more active part in "relieving the farm situation." Particularly during the war did this urgency find full expression, for then it was discovered that "food will win the war," and that meant that to subsidize farmers was the patriotic thing to do.

Thus came the "farm problem." It was fabricated out of a flock of laws, sometimes overlapping, often contradictory. It was manufactured by the New Deal, but has since been improved upon by the Truman and Eisenhower regimes, so that it is now a fixed American institution. Compounding the felony is a vested interest in the "farm problem," consisting of 81,000 employees of the Department of Agriculture whose livelihood would be endangered by outright abolition of the "problem."

If this book did nothing more than list the patches in the crazy quilt of "farm policy" it would serve a good purpose. For it seems certain that every session of Congress from now on will try its hand at correcting the inequities and the confusion created by previous laws, so that in the ensuing chaos we are likely to forget how we got that way. But the book is more than an historical record of political futility. It is a careful analysis of the rationale of intervention, with particular emphasis on intervention in agriculture. Dr. Peterson shows with facts and figures how every piece of legislation created difficulties more serious than those it attempted to correct, demonstrating that whenever the government undertakes to invade the economic field it performs like a bull in a china shop.

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Edited by PHILIP D. BRADLEY

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Or, to change the metaphor in the interest of exactitude, government in business is a vulture that creates the carrion it feeds upon.

So, while *The Great Farm Problem* addresses itself to a particular area of intervention, it is in fact a treatise on the whole subject. And though, with due regard to his professional training, the author adduces sufficient evidence to support his judgments, he does not permit technical details to befuddle the reader. Which is another way of saying that the book is readable and enjoyable as well as instructive.

Second Harvest

Immortal Sam

WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN

AMONG the host of books that are read for instruction or entertainment there are a select few which deserve and repay the saturation treatment of repeated reading, almost to the point of memorization. Outstanding among the candidates for this treatment is Boswell's immortal and immortalizing biography of Samuel Johnson. It is the supreme achievement in the depiction of a personality. Boswell shows Johnson in every form of dress and undress: "shaking his vast bulk" in laughter after some devastating wisecrack; crossing swords with a group of men of wit and learning at the Mitre Tavern; in his disorderly London lodgings; devouring food with avidity and complaining of one meal to which he had been invited that it was not "a dinner to *ask* a man to"; pondering deeply and sometimes pessimistically on the mysteries of divine Providence, of death and future life, of sin and repentance.

Johnson was definitely a conservative in his cast of thought. He believed in the tenets of the Established Church, in monarchy, in aristocracy, in the necessity for human inequality. He disliked infidels, deists, Whigs and sentimental doctrinaire reformers of all brands:

"Rousseau, Sir, is a very bad man." Boswell: "Sir, do you think him as bad a man as Voltaire?" Johnson: "Why, Sir, it is difficult to settle the proportion of iniquity between them."

When Boswell suggested that Johnson laughed at schemes of political improvement, he promptly replied: "Why, Sir, most schemes of political improvement are very laughable things." He was the scourge of sentimentalists, of the British opposite numbers to the French left-wing intellectuals of the "Age of Enlightenment," of literary bombast and fraud. When his friend Mrs. Thrale praised the line of Garrick, "I'd smile with the simple and feed with the poor," Johnson's reaction was swift and negative: "Nay, my dear lady, this will never do. Poor David. Smile with the simple; what folly is that? And who would feed with the poor that can help it? No, no; let me smile with the wise and feed with the rich."

There is the same rough, blunt, muscular realism in his remark about acceptance of a government pension, although his personal sympathies were rather with the exiled Stuarts: "The pleasures of cursing the House of Hanover, and drinking King James's health, are amply overbalanced by three hundred pounds a year." Or by his statement, which Boswell attributes to the natural indolence of his disposition: "No man but a blockhead ever wrote, except for money."

SAMUEL JOHNSON, whose 250th anniversary is being observed this year: ". . . the very incarnation of John Bull, quick to stand on his rights as a free individual and resentful of arrogance and pretension."

Typical of sturdy independence of Johnson's character was his vigorous rebuff to a Scotchman named James McPherson, who sponsored the authenticity of poems supposedly written by a Gaelic bard named Ossian. Johnson was a skeptic about this verse from the beginning; to one who asked whether any living man could have written such magnificent lines he snapped back: "Yes, Sir, many men, many women and many children."

McPherson finally wrote Johnson a letter that was abusive and even contained threats of personal violence. Johnson's rejoinder, like his more famous letter to his neglectful patron, Lord Chesterfield, was a masterpiece of its kind.

"I received your foolish and impudent letter. Any violence offered me I shall do my best to repel; and what I cannot do for myself the law shall do for me. I hope I shall never be deterred from detecting what I think a cheat by the menaces of a ruffian."

Although Johnson was a thoroughgoing conservative, he was the complete antithesis of the caricature of the conservative that is sometimes presented in Liberal and radical circles. He was the very incarnation of John Bull, quick to stand on his rights as a free individual and resentful of arrogance and pretension. And, in one of his remarks to Boswell, he made clear his belief that, if a regime became too bad, there was a natural right of revolution.

"There is this consideration, that if the abuse be enormous, Nature will rise up and, claiming her original rights, overturn a corrupt political system."

Johnson was also a living refutation of the stereotype of the conservative as a dull stodgy fellow with no spark of wit and no original ideas. It is a question whether any English writer except Shakespeare has made so many vividly quotable comments on the whole range of the human comedy. Johnson regarded conversation as a duel of wits and in talk he was acknowledged as *primus inter pares* in a society that included Burke, Sheridan, Goldsmith, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Gibbon and many others of intellectual eminence. One of his intimates remarked that it was no use becoming involved in argument with Johnson; if his pistol

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missed fire he would knock you down with it.

His caustic wit even lit up the pages of his dictionary, where one comes across such definitions as:

PATRON. Commonly a wretch, who supports with insolence and is paid with flattery.

OATS. A grain, which in England is generally given to horses, but in Scotland supports the people.

PENSION. An allowance made to anyone without an equivalent. In England it is generally understood to mean pay given to a state hireling for treason to his country.

It is the camera-like accuracy with which Boswell describes Johnson the man and catches the varied moods of Johnson the thinker, serious on large issues of religion and morality, solemn in the face of death and eternity, combative, loving argument for argument's sake, witty and facetious, that give his biography of one of the most individualistic of conservatives its place in the limited pantheon of great books. And few great books convey so much unalloyed entertainment and amusement.

Movies

Extravaganza and Simple Truth

FRANCIS RUSSELL

Samson and Delilah is vintage DeMille, made in 1951—but I had not seen a DeMille picture since my mother took me in corduroy knickerbockers to see the silent *Ten Commandments* at Tremont Temple. (That Baptist stronghold did not open its gates to the secular film, but DeMille's semi-clerical status allowed him an exception.) Actually I had intended to see *The Big Fisherman*, but I flipped a coin and *Samson and Delilah* won. It was worth seeing—a pure DeMille confection, glittering as a giant-size package of detergent, with antlike extras DeMilling about, great stucco columns tickling the sky, and of course the old-time orgy.

Samson, as played by Victor Mature, who had obviously been stuffing himself with pizzas for the part, is a young Judean-about-town in love with the blonde Angela Lansbury, the Philistine who had the Toni. Delilah, who covets Samson to his eventual crew-cut destruction, is played by our duenna friend Hedy Lamarr Kessler, whom I last saw as an ingenue floating belly upwards in *Ecstasy*. All the DeMille females have their Old Testament midriffs bared to the winds, but time—the meany—has put a few sags in Hedy's. Still it's quite a sight to watch her with Samson, dragging across the California desert in a two-seater sports chariot, and I for one enjoyed seeing Samson kill the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lion—Adolph, I believe his name was—with his bare hands.

It takes several turns of the plot-o-graph for Samson and Dely to shack up in their Palm Springs caravanserai, and—for those unfamiliar with the Authorized Version—the affair ends badly. Still, while it lasts, it is

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a summer idyll under the glowing stars, the plush night tremulous with the sound of crickets while a lutist behind the gauze plays Victor Herbert and Samson murmurs deathlessly, "You know, I really do love you."

The *pièce de résistance,* the *chef d'oeuvre,* the blue-plate special, is of course that climactic moment when Samson pulls down the pillars of the temple, and the king—whom I forgot to mention married Delilah somewhere in reel three—with his court, Samson, Dely, and 15,932 extras from South Hollywood, are crushed under the weight of enough masonry to duplicate the Supreme Court. However, the temple for all its size must have been built by a political contractor. I couldn't help but feel that it wasn't so much Samson as the sand in the cement—like the Boston bridge that slipped into the Muddy River the day before our own tetrarch, James Michael Curley, was scheduled to dedicate it.

According to his biographer, Cecil DeMille was with difficulty separated from the idea of making a Biblical epic in which Judas Iscariot and Mary Magdalene would have an affair. Strangely enough, this fantasy is independently realized in Jules Dassin's *He Who Must Die.* But let no one be put off by it. For this French picture, filmed in Crete, is a demonstration to the disbelieving that the cinema really can be an art form. There is, I think, something even more in this adaptation of Nikos Kazantzakis' story of a Cretan village about to present its traditional passion play. The parts are assigned by the local priest. The time is before World War I when Crete was still under Turkish rule. Refugees from another part of the island who have been driven from their homes after supporting a futile revolt come unexpectedly to the village. This puts the villagers in a cruel dilemma. Their own substance is not enough to succor the newcomers indefinitely, and if they shelter them they expose themselves to vengeance from the Turks. To this problem suddenly thrust on them they react unconsciously in the terms of their roles in the passion-play. Gradually the play passion, like the original, becomes a relentless real tragedy.

The story is as simple as that, and in its simplicity as grand. A stark landscape, principals who have learned the restraints of acting rather than sex-appeal, peasants who seem to be living their own lives as they move with dignified reserve through the crowd scenes—these are the ingredients. Here are no capering would-be's trying by the last forced gesticulation to draw attention to themselves, no titillating tomato splotches of Technicolor. Here is, through a most fleeting medium, the ancient truth—that Pilate and the priests and the Pharisees endure in each generation, and that Christ is always slain.

He Who Must Die is as touching a picture as I have seen in many years. At first it seems strange to hear Greek characters speaking French, but one soon accepts the convention as one never can DeMille Bible extras hooting in raucous American. The players' names do not matter, for they have become so fused in their parts that one overlooks them as actors, just as one disregards script, cameras, all the out-of-range mechanics of film making, to become almost a participant in the finally achieved unity. The mind accepts and the heart replies. Such an effect the Greek dramas must have had on their contemporaries before they became embalmed as classics. It is possible that the film is not an art form capable of enduring beyond its own generation, or even—to judge from some of the classic revivals—its own decade. But a masterpiece like *He Who Must Die* demonstrated at least the potentiality of the medium.

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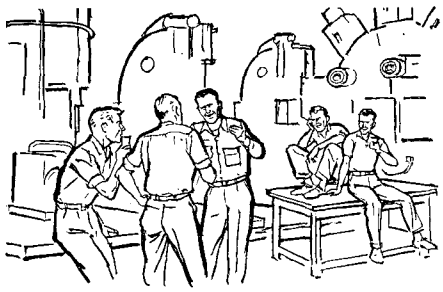

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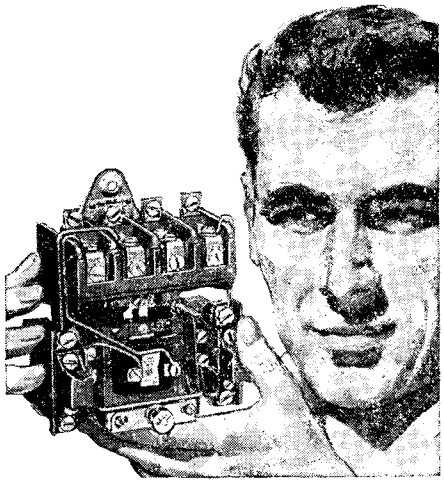

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To the Editor

Boo Hoo (Part Two)

. . . In the welter of God bless yous and commendations that followed the subpoena-induced denouncement of Charles Van Doren, the "Boo Hoo" of Noel E. Parmentel Jr. [November 21] appealed so much to me that I answered a separate come-on in the mail and subscribed to your *Bulletin*. Sent cash for it, too.

Mr. Parmentel's vivid words were as fiery as Vulcan at his forge. By gosh, that lad can write. Raise his fee if you have the money. Tell us more about him.

Ledyard, Conn JAY JEROME WILLIAMS

For the first time since I started reading NATIONAL REVIEW, I feel disappointed in one of your articles. I refer to that venomously self-righteous piece by Noel E. Parmentel Jr., concerning Charles Van Doren. It took Mr. Parmentel just six columns to kill a mosquito with a sledge hammer.

Mr. Van Doren was a weak and foolish boy, but one who obviously learned his lesson. I listened to his statement over the radio, and no fair-minded person could have failed to sense his sincerity and real repentance. I felt exactly as Mr. Harris did, and Mr. Harris is nobody's sap.

If Mr. Van Doren had taken the Fifth before the Committee, he would have received much support from the Liberal eggheads, but he finally, with his back against the wall, came clean. I would hate to have Mr. Parmentel stand in judgment against me, or for that matter, anyone who has ever done anything wrong. We would get short shrift and no second chance. I hereby nominate Mr. Parmentel as President of the Society for Throwers of the First Stone.

And comparing Richard Nixon's appearance on TV with Charles Van Doren's didoes is just plain stupid.

West Redding, Conn. PAULINE STEEN

The laurel wreath for Noel E. Parmentel Jr! "Boo Hoo" was one of the most devastating assaults on modern moral Philistinism I have read. . . .

Cincinnati, Ohio CARL R. STEINBICKER

Must you print such claptrap as that article called "Boo Hoo"? I don't condone Mr. Van Doren's actions, and I didn't follow him on TV, but I'm sick to death of the attention that has been lavished on this whole affair. Foreign affairs, politics, etc., all seem to have taken second place to this wave of self-righteous indignation, and everyone has to say something about it, no matter how stupid. I had thought that *NR* was above this type of thing, but no, you have to join the pack and say your piece. This type of loaded writing is in very bad taste: it sounds as if it were written by a Yale student with a Cause, and without an editor to weed out the junk. . . .

Enough on that. One further point: I enjoyed your wealth of book reviews, except that on *The Mansion* [November 21]. Why not treat it (and review it) as a book instead of a treatise on Liberalism?

MRS. CLYDE H. FARNSWORTH
Bronxville, N.Y.

The Fall of Pomona

Mr. Ryskind has reported on the political climate at Pomona College with astuteness and wit [Nov. 7]. I frankly am happy that the situation which he describes exists in this bastion of Liberaldom! For if the student population includes just a few Ryskinds, and if the faculty brashly puts its charges under "Liberal discipline," then I feel confident that the natural inquisitiveness and rebelliousness of youth will produce more "conservative revolutionaries" of his caliber.

Chicago, Ill. HARRY L. STERN

. . . Even if we accept Mr. Ryskind's point that there are Liberals in the Pomona College Government Department—so what? Does he so underestimate the intelligence and abilities of the students at his alma mater as to believe that they will unthinkingly and unquestioningly accept the opinions presented to them in class? The reading of some Liberal texts (and I dare say Mr. Ryskind's point on this matter is greatly overdrawn) does not subject the student to mind control. Does Mr. Ryskind advocate the subjection of the college learning process to a vacuum-packed sterile atmosphere where only the "right" type of data is presented? How very,

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very dull. . . . Education is exposure to ideas. It is a great conflict of ideas from which the student should be allowed to extract any personal belief, within the bounds of lawful society, he wishes. . . .

Claremont, Cal. LEE QUAINTANCE

The Freedom Academy (cont'd)

I would like to comment on the letter of C. C. Starr [October 24], who is astonished that good anti-Communists like Senator Mundt, Representative Judd and NATIONAL REVIEW are for the Freedom Academy bill when Dick Arens has warned against it.

For Mr. Starr's information, a number of America's most distinguished anti-Communist experts, including many to whom the Committee on Un-American Activities itself turns for advice, are supporting this bill. . . . They include Herbert Philbrick, Eugene Lyons, Gerhart Niemeyer, Stefan Possony, Edward Hunter, Fulton Lewis Jr., Charles Lowry, Lev Dobriansky, Frank Barnett, Leo Cherne and Joseph Kornfeder. . . .

Mr. Starr might note that three of the five original congressional sponsors of the Committee for Freedom for All Peoples also sponsored this bill, while a fourth, Senator Tom Dodd, who denounced the Khrushchev visit in one of the great speeches of the modern era of the Senate, issued a strong statement urging passage of this bill. Senator Dodd, as vice chairman of the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee, attended most of the the hearings on the bill. . . . One of the few members of the Congress with expert knowledge on the Soviet conspiracy and a former FBI man, he has a reputation of not endorsing a proposal until he has given it close study.

I have read the hearings before the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee and I am tremendously impressed by the caliber and arguments of those who testified in behalf of this measure. The Communists are giving us a licking in the total political war because their side is directed by intensively trained professionals, while we use half-committed amateurs. It is high time that we establish a top level political warfare training school. . . .

Orlando, Fla. JOHN COOK

Who's Conservative?

In a recent issue you state that if the General Assembly fails to put the Tibet issue on its agenda it will prove thereby that the United Nations Organization is a fraud. But the General Assembly has passed your test. I hope that will help you to take its purposes more seriously.

There appears to be a good deal of sentiment in favor of expelling Russia from the United Nations as an aggressor, in view of its conduct during the Hungarian revolt. This would take some doing, but it probably can be done, and it is certainly necessary if the United Nations Organization is to survive. Why not make that an agendum of NATIONAL REVIEW?

I have the hardihood to make this

"THIRD PARTY MOVE BEGINS IN CHICAGO" —New York Times

"NEW POLITICAL PARTY FORMED BY GROUP" —Los Angeles Examiner

"CONSERVATIVES TO FORM NEW POLITICAL PARTY" —Houston Chronicle

"CONSERVATIVE RALLY MAPS NEW PARTY" —Chicago Daily News

"CONSERVATIVES PLAN NEW POLITICAL PARTY" —The State, Columbia, S.C.

The above and similar headlines from coast to coast reported the activities at the NEW PARTY RALLY, sponsored by THE INDEPENDENT AMERICAN, in Chicago, October 23-24.

At the conclusion of the NEW PARTY RALLY, an interim organization known as THE INDEPENDENT AMERICAN FEDERATION OF STATE PARTIES was formed for the purpose of placing Independent Presidential Electors on the ballot for 1960. The interim committee plans to hold a nominating convention in the spring of 1960 to name its presidential and vice-presidential candidates.

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suggestion because I think that in spite of your flight from Liberalism you are still Liberal. To call you conservative does violence to the history of that term, and is a part of the current flood of semantic distortion.

Washington, D.C. ALFRED H. TAYLOR JR.

Tourist Diplomacy

This refers to a letter which appeared in your September 26 issue, from Albert J. Franck of Kew Gardens, N.Y., commenting on Leopold Kohr's piece, "Tourist Diplomacy" [July 18].

I recently returned from a two months business trip through Europe —as far north as Sweden and Finland, and as far south as Italy. Mr. Franck talks about the type of American who offends Europeans, "the loudmouth, the showoff, and the noisy eater." Unfortunately, the only people I saw with these offensive habits were the newly-rich Germans and Italians. I saw some offensive Americans (our country is full of them), but their only offense, I noticed, was trying to buy everything in sight. It is very offensive in Copenhagen when they snap up "all the exclusive and smart things at the Permanent Exhibition."

Franck is right when he says that "Europeans have no great respect for the cheapskate who is out to do Europe on a dollar a day or thereabouts." Anybody who can do Europe on a dollar a day or thereabouts has the alchemist's gold machine in his back pocket.

Mr. Franck might have mentioned the predator who ends all predators—the European hotelkeeper—who keeps his eye peeled for the American; who denies you had a reservation; who doubles his prices as soon as rooms get tight; who adds 15 per cent "service" on your meals, which you were foolish enough to charge to your hotel bill and which had one 15 per cent on it when you left the dining room, giving you a total food tax of 32½ per cent. (You don't think they gave it all to the government, do you?)

New Rochelle, N.Y. HARRY SERWER

Science vs. Privacy

Your item ["The Week," October 24] about the Thomas Powner family and their experiment at Princeton University omits several facts that are important to the understanding of the experiment.

First, the tape was used to protect the health and safety of the family in case of any emergency. Secondly, the experiment would have been ruined from a scientific psychological standpoint if the family had been aware that their words were being taped.

In an interview for the *Daily Princetonian* with Mrs. Powner on September 24, 1959 she told me in talking about the experiment, "There were no ill feelings whatsoever. We would go through another experiment again, if so asked."

I am not commenting about the morality of taping a scientific experiment without the people involved being told, but from a scientific point this is essential. As a footnote to this problem, I think it should be added that the tapes will never be used outside the laboratory; the Powners have the right to censor research reports; and the family was offered the right of anonymity in publicity releases.

MARTIN LAPIDUS, '62

Princeton, N.J. *Daily Princetonian*

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CHIX, KIX, NIX PIX

(*Continued from p. 519*)

all listed in the press handout, but if they showed, I must have lost them in the shuffle. I also failed to find Charles S. Payson, one of the country's richest men and brother-in-law of Jock Whitney. Mr. Payson's political odyssey has been an interesting one, a tortuous and circuitous journey from *Scribner's Commentator* to Modern Republicanism. An old sailor, he has found snug harbor in the Nixon port. Another hopeful from the Whitney stable, old Pensioner Tex McCrary, was apparently scratched. He and Jinx usually run as an entry, but in this case Jinx had to go it alone.

In contrast to the Brooksy-Lord & Taylor types were a group of CCNY alumni who had presumably dropped in for a looksee and maybe a pickup on their way home from work. "Where'd ya go to collitch?" one of the them asked a Vixen. "Briarcliff," she replied in her best Provisional accent as she moved on. In one corner, the inevitable lone Negro stood surrounded by a gay group of young executives and their belles, and you could have cut the condescension with a stick of cornpone.

Jinx was still gushing, in this case working her Sincerity out on Murray Kempton, there in his role as Bush League Jeremiah for the *New York Post*. Leaving this mutual-admiration team, I came upon the strangest guest, booster, what have you, of all: Arthur Goldsmith. Goldsmith, who was generally conceded to have conned a gullible Harold Stassen into the "Dump Nixon" fiasco in '56, is a very rich man with friends in many camps, and an old punching bag for Westbrook Pegler, who calls him the Kapok Dragon of the Waldorf Towers.

Concluding that anything else, after seeing Goldsmith at a Nixon rally, would be anti-climactic, I decided to call it a night. Most of the crowd was still milling around, apparently having fun. I recognized one of the beribboned girls as the Marchesa de Portago, widow of the sportscar driving and international playboy. But crowd or not, cold or not, it was another Vixen I had my eye on. By the time I reached the street, however, she had fled, so I never did angle an introduction. I have a hunch that if she had played her cards right, she might have wooed me away from Lyndon Johnson.

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